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Lines after a Tempest.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The day had been a day of wind and storm;
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And stooping from the zenith bright and warm
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages between.

The rain drops glistened on trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds to the ground
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped as he hastened ocean-ward;
To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, clung;
And chirping from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent up; in the way
Strolled groups of damsels, frolicsome and fair;
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene; while far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft golden light.

I looked and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony;
When millions crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlabored captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast,
The fair earth that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm; and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past.
Lo! the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
But like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

[From the Philadelphia Casket.

LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO.

NUMBER TWO.

"Uncertainty!
Fell demon of our fears! The human soul,
That can support despair supports not thee!"
Mallet.

THE MURDER TRIAL.

I was sitting one morning at an early hour in my office, and had just opened the still damp newspaper to search for the latest news from the Chesapeake, where Cochrane at that time was harrying the coast, plundering, and ravaging with a ferocity, which will send his name down to posterity with a curse upon its front, when my eye suddenly fell upon the following paragraph, placed conspicuously near the head of the first column.

"DREADFUL MURDER.—By an express from ——, we learn that a most horrid murder was committed near the town of C——, on Friday the —— inst. upon the body of James Wilson, Esq. one of our most worthy and influential citizens. The deceased left home in company with a young man, named Henry Duval, who had lately married a ward of our fellow townsman. The union, we understand was in opposition to her guardian's wishes, and it is supposed that an angry altercation arose concerning it, between Mr. Wilson and the young man. High words were heard between them, and they were seen entering a wood, in which, on Sunday evening, the mangled body of Mr. Wilson was found, horribly mutilated, and so disfigured as scarcely to be recognised. The whole country is in a tumult. Such an excitement has not reigned in our district since its first settlement. The murderer has fled, but the proper officers are already out in pursuit of him."

A little below was another paragraph, stating that the accused had been arrested the preceding evening in our city, and consigned to prison, denying, however, all knowledge of the murder, and expressing the utmost sorrow for the deceased's death. But there was no doubt, added the editor, of the guilt of the prisoner.

I had scarcely finished the paragraph, and a host of indistinct memories were crowding in my brain, as if at some time or other, I had heard the names of the parties, when a faint tap was heard at my door, and desiring the person to enter, a closely veiled female stole timidly into the room, and asked with a tremulous voice if I was Mr. ——. Wondering what her mission, at so early an hour could be with me, I answered in the affirmative, and desiring her to take a chair, waited for her to speak.

A more exquisitely moulded form I had rarely seen. It was slight, almost girlish, and had that peculiar delicacy which we call aristocratic. Her countenance—for on taking her seat she had put aside her veil—was eminently handsome. With a fair complexion; a classic outline of feature; a deep, blue eye, that seemed full of feeling; and an expression over all which, reminded me of some of the sweetest of Raphael's faces, she would, at any time, have won admiration for her beauty, but now there was something so touchingly sad in her looks, that I felt interested in her history at once. I knew that sorrow visits even the young and innocent, and might not she be one of these? Her dress, though studiously neat, was coarse, and contrasted with her manners, which were singularly refined. I felt with a sigh, that perhaps she was another of the victims of misfortune, living in poverty the life that began in wealth. Is not want hard enough to bear even to those who are born and educated for it, much less to the more miserable still who have been nursed in the bosom of luxury?

"Will you please to read this note, sir?" said a low, tremulous, yet silvery voice. Starting, for I had been lost in thought, I bowed, and taking from her hand a piece of soiled and crumbled paper, apparently torn from some book, and folded into the shape of a note, I proceeded to open and read it. Its first sentence struck me dumb. I give it word for word.

—— Street Prison.

Dear ——,

I know not how to write to you. My brain is on fire. I feel as in a fever. The last two hours have nigh drove me mad—but why delay? I am arrested, and—good God!—on a charge of murder,—and that too of the murder of my bride's guardian, Mr. Wilson. Perhaps you shall have seen it in the papers before you get this, and, like all the rest, may believe the tale; but oh! as you remember our school boy days, as you value truth and honor, and justice, as you would not break my young wife's heart, do not believe the falsehood!

Come to me. I know not what to do. I am in prison, and ironed. Who can I trust? Even this I have procured with difficulty, and my sweet wife is the only messenger I can rely on. I have no right, I know, to claim your aid except the memory of former friendship and of happy days spent together, but in the name of that do not desert me!

H. DUVAL.

The manuscript was hurriedly and incoherently scrawled, but at the first glance I recognised the handwriting of my old schoolmate, and at once it flashed upon me that *he* was the one known to me in the catastrophe I had just been reading of. And could he be guilty? I scouted at the idea. I had known him intimately for years; I had been with him in difficulties and dangers; in the labors and amusements of life; and never had I known a nobler heart, or one less likely to be guilty of such a deed. True, we had not met for years, and all correspondence had for a season died away, but I felt such a confidence in his rectitude, that I could not but believe him the victim either of perjury or mistake. All this flashed through my mind like lightning, and uttering a hasty ejaculation as I finished the note, I looked up, and became sensible that his wife—for that sweet creature was indeed she—had been as I read the note, anxiously perusing my countenance, with that intensity, which a consciousness that life and death depended perhaps on my determination only can produce.

"Can any thing be done?" she eagerly asked, losing all diffidence in the one engrossing thought, anxiety for her husband. "Oh, Mr. ——, you will not desert us. You know that he is incapable of the deed, that he is too noble, too good for it; but yet, what can be done? I am but a poor, weak woman," she continued, while the tears, despite her efforts, streamed down her face, "and can do nothing. They will perhaps imprison him—they cannot do more. Oh! can they? But no time is to be lost, for they are to re-examine him this morning, and I was so afraid I should miss you, that I have been walking up and down the street this hour, waiting for you to open your office. You will pardon my earnestness," she continued, looking touchingly at me, while her eyes were suffused with tears, "but a wife's feelings cannot be told."

I was deeply afflicted. I was yet a young man, and my heart was not then, nor ever has been seared to misery. The perilous situation of an old, and I had no doubt of an innocent friend, was enough to rouse all my faculties in his favor; but when to this was added the eloquence of his almost heart-broken wife, I felt as if I could have gone to the world's end, to restore him to freedom and her to happiness.

I hastened to assure her that every faculty I was possessed of should be exerted in behalf of my friend, and doubting that the charge was exaggerated, comforted her by an assurance of his speedy enlargement. "Indeed," I continued, seeing that her feelings still overpowered her, "indeed, there is no room for fear. The charge will, I trust, be easily disproved. To-night will see your husband free. But now let us hasten to his aid," and calling a coach, I ordered it to drive to the prison.

Never shall I forget the sad yet grateful smile, with which that angelic woman, thanked me for my promptness. It seemed as if her whole soul was wrapped up in her husband, and as if every moment of suspense or delay was to her worse than death. I would have put her down at her lodgings, but she could not be persuaded to desert him to whom her vows were plighted. Oh! the constancy of woman. They call this a dark world, but can it be so while woman's love is here?

The meeting between my old schoolmate and myself was one of sad interest to both. As I pressed his hand, a crowd of former memories poured like a flood of sunset light, across my soul. For a moment we forgot all but the past. But then came the terrible consciousness of the present, of the ignominy of Duval's situation, and the perils that threatened to break his poor wife's heart. One brief word, one hasty assurance of my friendship, and of my confidence in his innocence was all that the time permitted us. He said nothing, for the jailer entered to conduct him before the committing magistrate,—but I could see that he turned his head aside to brush away a tear, and hear, as he pressed my hand, the fervent ejaculation, "Thank God!" I would not have given that moment for the richest hour ambition ever had.

With much difficulty his sweet wife was persuaded not to accompany us to the police office, where a re-examination was to be given to the prisoner before his final commitment to answer before his fellow men for the awful crime of murder. As it is necessary for the unity of my story, I will premise the circumstances of his marriage as I subsequently learned them, both from his own lips, and during the course of the examination.

In the village of ——, though celebrated for its female beauty, there was no one to rival Mary Symmes, the ward of the wealthy Mr. Wilson. Even when I first beheld her, and when sorrow had made sad havoc with her countenance, she was still eminently handsome; and sure a more exquisite expression I never saw in any human face. She was an orphan. Her father dying left her under the care of his friend, bequeathing her a large fortune, with the very common, though singular provision, that she should not marry without the consent of her guardian. Beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress, she had no sooner entered society, than her hand became the prize for which wealth and family contended. But to all her suitors she was indifferent. They amused her leisure, but they touched not her heart. Conscious of feelings not accorded to every one, she longed for some kindred spirit who might love with an intensity equal to her own. From the crowd she turned away, wearied with their selfish and empty protestations. She longed to be loved not for her fortune, but for herself; and when, at last, she met Henry Duval, and listened to his high and lofty aspirations, she felt, before they had known each other a week, that her destiny was woven with his. In one short word they loved. Little did they think, in the guilelessness of first affection, that woe, and sorrow, and misery should yet fill their cup to the brim. But the web of fate was already woven.

Henry Duval, was indeed, a being to be loved. Frank, generous, and confiding, with a fine person and noble air; possessed of talents as brilliant as they were varied; with a mind disciplined by study and enlarged by travel, the fascination of his conversation and the openness of his heart, fixed the admiration which his address was calculated to excite. He was just such a being as one of fine sensibilities would image, and it is to be wondered that Mary Symmes reciprocated his affection? It never occurred to her that his poverty was, in her guardian's eyes, an inseparable bar to their union; and when Mr. Wilson, at last aware of the danger of further intimacy between his ward and Mary Duval, forbid the latter his house, the beautiful heiress for the first time woke to the consciousness of her situation. She knew her father's will, and that she would be penniless if she married without her guardian's consent. But it was too late. The evening walks and daily meetings which the careless guardian had overlooked, had proved too much for the lovers' young and susceptible hearts, and already had those vows, which Mary felt that only death could break, been exchanged between them. Their troth was plighted to each other. It was perhaps hasty, it may be reprehensible; but who in the ardor of youth can resist the desire to hear they are beloved? Oh! there is nothing like the first confessions of a pure young heart. Woe, misery, and shame may come; age may dim our eye, and silver our hairs; all that once thrilled us may pass away, and be no more remembered; but never, even in the darkest hour, shall the first whispered confession of our early love be forgot?

The history of the heart is short, and soon told. Love when it has gone so far is only heightened by opposition. They were married. For the first time that lovely girl disobeyed her guardian, and, amid his anger and maledictions went forth from his door—a wife. But she was happy. In the presence of him she loved she could forget fortune, friends, flatterers and all. She trusted too that her guardian would relent. Poor thing! how she deceived herself. Her letters were returned unopened, and she herself spurned from his presence. Their future history was that of hundreds before and since. Poverty began to lower around them. The utmost exertions of her husband, opposed as he secretly was by the influence of her guardian, scarcely sufficed to win the necessaries much less those superfluities of life which habit had made invaluable. As a last resort he removed to the city; but his pride forbid him to seek his old acquaintances. At this time it was that our correspondence ceased, and I lost all knowledge of him. Here too he fell sick. Want began already to haunt his lowly dwelling, and to strip it of its last few comforts. Yet in that dreadful winter his lovely wife was as an angel from heaven. Friendless and alone; almost without means of sympathy; deserted by all who had formerly crowded around her, she maintained themselves for four weary months, on the profits of her mother's long cherished jewellery, watching day and night, through cold and sickness, over the fevered bed of her husband.

At last he recovered; but it was only to shudder at the prospects before him. He was yet too weak to earn a sustenance, and his pride revolted at applying to strangers for relief. He saw his wife grow paler and paler, yet without a murmur or a tear; he felt that she had watched over his illness till death had almost made her his own, and as he strained her wildly to his bosom, he resolved to make one last effort to move her guardian, even at the price of leaving her forever. But he maintained the utmost secrecy of his intention. He made a pretence one day that he had been summoned on an offer of business to the country, and stealing from her hastened to ——, and, by accident met Mr. Wilson just as he reached the village. But he was pitiless. Stung by his injustice, the young man with an anguished heart, left him at the entrance of a wood which skirted the town, and, almost mad with his gloomy prospects, set out that very night for the city. To his astonishment, in a few days, the officers of justice arrested him for the murder of his wronger. Mr. Wilson had not been seen since their interview, a dead body supposed to be his had been found in the wood, and every circumstance pointed suspicion at my innocent friend. It was in the first moment of surprise and horror that he penned the incoherent epistle which his sweet wife had brought to me.

We were now at the magistrate's office. After much pompous and well-feigned concern for my client, he proceeded to hear the evidence against the prisoner. It was terribly strong. The interview, the altercation, the place where they were last seen, as well as the finding of the body, and the singularly concurring departure of Duval, were all incontestibly proved. The prisoner, however, admitted at once every thing up to their parting at the wood. There was a frankness about him which predisposed all in his favor, but few who were strangers to his character could resist the chain of presumptive testimony adduced against him. I saw that one by one the countenances of the spectators grew more expressive of his guilt, and my heart died within me as I beheld it. I cross-examined every witness, searchingly and siftingly,—but in vain. All I could elicit favorable to my client, was a want of certainty in one or two witnesses as to the identity of the body, and the seemingly valueless information that Mr. Wilson had left home on horseback, to proceed some miles down the bay, and that on that very day several hours later, the British forces under Cochrane, had landed and burned the village. The magistrate commended my zeal, but smiled when I dwelt upon the possibility of Mr. Wilson being still alive and a prisoner with the enemy. I saw that all was over. Duval was fully committed.

When I broke the news to his poor wife and she fell senseless to the floor, I thought that her eyes were never again to open upon the woes of life. But it was not thus to be. She recovered, and many a day of suspense and agony crept by while her cheek paled, and her eye grew dim, and her heart was slowly breaking. Oh, God! that such misery should ever blight the fair and young.

Well, time passed on. I never for a moment doubted my friend's innocence, but there was a mystery connected with the transaction I in vain endeavored to unravel. The story of Duval I believed implicitly, but how could it be substantiated? I called in the aid of the most eminent criminal lawyer at that time at the bar, and we labored, though in vain, till the day of the trial, to account for the disappearance of Mr. Wilson. My colleague was baffled for once. I know not, but it seemed to me at times, as if even he doubted the innocence of Duval. The horizon grew darker and gloomier as days rolled by. Yet, never for a moment, from the first hour I met him, did my client lose the calm self-collectedness of his manner. He felt that man had left him, that his name was every where loaded with suspicion and shame, and that unjustly and wantonly he was outlawed from the human race; yet with the proud loftiness of his character, wrapping himself up in the consciousness of innocence, he sat down prepared for either fortune. His fate was before him, dark and ignominious perhaps, but to be borne without repining. At times, however, when gazing on the pale face of his wife, he would turn his head away to hide a momentary tear. He met obloquy and danger with defying scorn, but his stern soul melted before a woman's uncomplaining tear. Like Prometheus, tied to the rock, the undying vulture was preying on his vitals.

I remember one night in particular. His lovely wife was absent after much solicitation, for an hour's ride with one of my female friends. The chamber was of stone, gloomy, damp, uncomfortable, and lighted by a narrow grated window, through which the rays of the setting sun calmly stole, falling on the cold pavement, and playing uneasily on the wall as if they felt that it was no spot for them. Duval had been pacing up and down the room with rapid strides, conversing upon the progress of our enquiries, and ever and anon pausing a moment to cast a glance over the prospect of hill, and wood, and stream, that flooded in a summer sunset, opened a way through the narrow casement. As the cool breeze wantoned over his brow, playfully lifting the dark curls from his forehead, it seemed as if by some mysterious association the memory of other and of brighter days came stealing over his soul. For some moments he paused by the window silent and absorbed. The hour and the memories of childhood softened him, and for the first time the whole current of his feelings found vent.

"Well, it is a mockery, this justice," he exclaimed bitterly, "after all. A chain of fortuitous circumstances will happen, and where are we? Little did I think when I first entered life, buoyant with hope and burning for distinction, that my sun should ever set in a felon's death. I know what you would say," continued he, with startling energy, as I ventured to express a hope I scarcely felt, "but I cannot if I would, deceive myself as to the issue of the trial. I have no evidence,—I can get none,—even your efforts have failed,—I am hunted down by a powerful and vindictive family,—the net of a relentless fate is around me, and all I can do will be to submit calmly to the destiny I cannot avert. But I could bear it all were it not for Mary. It will break her heart. Poor, poor thing!" he continued, softened almost to tears, "she scarcely thought when she first whispered her trembling vow, that he who had won that sinless heart should die a murderer's death. But let it come,—what boots it how many hearts are crushed?"

He ceased. I felt awed by the terrific energy of his manner, and for some time, as though a spell had been upon me, I could not speak. It was indeed a fearful sight. Hour after hour, for many a long day had his feelings, stung by injustice, been goading one another in his bosom, and had now found vent in this burst of mighty passion. At last I ventured to speak.

"You cannot, Duval, mistrust me," I said, "and I feel that you look at your cause too hopelessly. Your innocence will be maintained, a good God will never suffer the guilty to escape, and, believe me, another month will restore you to society, and that faithful wife to happiness and peace. It wrings my heart to see you thus. Do not, I beseech you, distrust the all-seeing Providence. He will yet rebuke your enemies, and maintain your innocence."

"I thank you," he answered, clasping my hand, "and I feel rebuked. For once I have been weak, but your's has been the only mortal eye to see it, and it shall be the last. Yet it is a terrible thing to feel that a few days will consign you either to a premature grave, or to a living death. I see you shake your head, but though you deceive yourself you cannot deceive me. What room is there for hope? I am in the toils and must be the victim. But better death than imprisonment. Think you I could bear for years to be shut up in the dull walls of a prison, to see no sun rise or set, to hear no more the birds sing out their joy, never to listen to the sound of a human voice again, cut off from friends, from character, and the world, until the eyes grow dim, the hair grows grey, and your very friends forget you live. And then to know that your wife's heart is breaking, to hear that she has died, and not even to press a last kiss on her brow. Oh! my God," he continued, burying his face in his hands, while his frame shook convulsively with his emotion, "that I should live to suffer this."

I strove to speak. Words cannot tell how deeply I felt for him. It is touching to behold a woman's anguish, but it is terrible to see a strong man struggling, like Laocoon, with the folds he cannot break. I shall never forget the firm, rigid, indescribable expression of his countenance, as after a momentary pause he continued.

"But let us forget this scene. I have been a child; yet the struggle is over. Better men than I have rotted in prisons, and why should I complain. But Mary—poor,—poor,—poor Mary!——"

The day of the trial came at length. As a matter of course it took place in the village of ——, that being the county town; and such an excitement had perhaps never reigned in that vicinity. The history of the accused was well known, and men alternated beneath their wish for his acquittal and their almost consciousness of his guilt. With a large portion, however,—mostly relatives and intimates of the deceased,—there was a firm persuasion of his criminality, and a determination, at every hazard, to convict him. Pity seemed to be dried up in their bosoms. The most able counsel of the bar had been engaged for the prosecution, and such an array of talent was never scarcely brought against a single man. All this contributed to deepen to an unusual degree the interest at all times attending a trial for murder; and long before the hour for the opening of the court the whole village was alive with persons hastening to the scene of the trial. From every lane and street, from every house and hovel, they poured along, rich and poor, happy and miserable, old and young, jostling and crowding each other until the ample room was filled, and hundreds of eager faces peered from the area, the bar, the bench, and looked down from the gallery above. Even the windows were blocked up by the multitude; and without the court yard was overflowing with hundreds waiting to catch the slightest sound from within.

The prisoner entered with a firm step and undaunted look, and taking his seat in the bar bowed to the judge, ran his eye a moment proudly round the room, and then dropped it to the ground before the eager gaze of the thousands of spectators. His sweet wife had resisted every entreaty to be absent, and now sat by his side, clasping his hand, and gazing up into his face as the trial proceeded, with that deep, trusting look, which seemed to say that if all the world deserted him, she, at least, would cling to him through woe, and shame, and misery, aye! even to death itself. The aged judge upon the bench, who had known both her and her husband in better days, turned his head away, and did not disdain a tear. He felt deeply; but he was to try the accused according to the laws of God and man.

The trial began. The jury was impanelled, the indictment read, and the prisoner arraigned. He plead "not guilty," put himself upon God and his country, and then the clerk, in the solemn response of the law, answered, "God send you a good deliverance!" There was a thrill of sympathy ran through the crowd, and hundreds of hearts echoed the pious wish.

The opening speech of the prosecutor's attorney now began, and nothing could have been more artful and effective. Not content with stating the evidence against my client, he dwelt rhetorically upon the virtues of the deceased, the history of the prisoner's marriage, and the benefits likely to accrue to him from Mr. Wilson's murder. I saw Duval's eye flash an instant, but then all again was calm. The attorney took his seat and, from the altered countenances of the jury, I felt that the tide was turning against the accused. My heart failed me, for I knew that the evidence was terribly strong, and that we had none or little to rebut it. Though I had spent some days in scouring the coast, enquiring if Mr. Wilson had been seen prosecuting his journey after the hour of the supposed murder, I had been wholly unsuccessful. My colleague shook his head and, with a mournful look, unfolded his papers. The curtain was already shadowing the stage.

The testimony was the same as on the examination, except in identifying the body. All the witnesses at first swore positively to it as being that of Mr. Wilson. One of them had done otherwise at the commitment. I whispered it to my colleague, who conducted the cross-examination, and his eagle eye kindled as he asked,

"Are you certain that this was the body of Mr. Wilson—you say it was disfigured, especially about the face, and in a state of decomposition,—now can you swear, on your oath, that the features were those of the missing man?"

The witness quailed beneath his glance, and answered that he could not say that.

"Well—you did not recognise his face—did you the form?—the garments—any thing?"

The witness stammered, hesitated, looked uneasily around, and confessed that he could not swear positively to the identity of the body.

"Did you not," said the hawk-eyed counsellor, producing a deposition and running his eye over it, "did you not say before that so far from knowing this to be the body of Mr. Wilson, you knew it to be shorter? On your oath—think now!"

The man rubbed his hands together, cast a restless look at the deposition, and at last faltered out, "that he guessed he had said something like that," though what it was exactly he could not tell.

"You may leave the stand," thundered my colleague, flinging down his papers.

After a vain attempt to cover their witness, the prosecution gave in evidence, from an examination of the skull, that the blow was by a blunt instrument, fracturing that portion of the frame. The flight, as they called it, of the prisoner, was proved, and various other minor facts, all, however, strengthening the suspicion against him. My heart died within me as they proceeded. At last they were done, and there was a mutual exchange of intelligence in the jury box, which went like an icebolt through my heart.

We followed, and opened our defence. Our evidence was slight, and only calculated to establish the former high character of the accused. We admitted there was much to create suspicion against him, but we dwelt upon the dangers of presumptive evidence, and appealed to the lofty sentiments, and unblemished honor which the prisoner had ever entertained. But why continue?

I well remember the impression my colleague made. Up to the moment of his rising to address the jury, we had hoped that some information, though tardy, might arrive, accounting for the absence of Mr. Wilson, or at least proving that he had been seen after the hour of the supposed murder,—but when none came, and the order of the cause compelled him to proceed, he almost sank under the difficulties which threatened to overwhelm his cause. He knew the testimony was almost unanswerable, and that his own conviction of the prisoner's innocence would weigh nothing with the jury. At first he faltered, and was embarrassed. But he soon recovered himself, and launching boldly into his theme, maintained his brilliant reputation. He felt that it was no uncommon cause; and that a tender, confiding heart, looked up to him as its preserver. All his vast talents, all his professional experience, all that logic, or rhetoric, or deep feeling could do, was done. As he proceeded the interest became intense. He dwelt upon the spotless character of the accused, his lofty scorn at the charge of murder, his behaviour at and after the arrest, the contradictions and mis-statements of the witnesses, the want of certainty as to the reality of the murder, and on the various topics which either could arouse pity, excite admiration for his client, or raise a doubt as to the identity of the body. In commenting upon the contradictions of the evidence, he was unusually severe. He spared no weapon, omitted no appeal, but scathing, blasting, and withering as he spoke, scattered the testimony of the witness to ashes. As he warmed in his theme his voice grew louder, his eye kindled, his form dilated, his gestures became more impassioned, until finally he had fired his hearers with a portion of his own feelings, carrying them away before his impetuous eloquence. When, as he concluded, he pointed to the group in the bar, and in simple pathos, alluded to the eager interest with which that lovely wife watched every step of the trial; when he delicately hinted at her hopes and fears alternating with almost every word; and when, by a sudden transition, he brought before the jury another and a higher bar, at which they would answer for their verdict, a thrill ran through the vast assembly, which was succeeded as he sat down, by a pause of fearful suspense. Every one drew a long breath. The excited spectators were carried away with one universal desire for the prisoner's acquittal; while that prisoner's wife, silently pressed his hand, looking up into his face with a consciousness of triumph. Though her sweet eyes swam with tears, they were those of confidence and joy rather than of sorrow.

It is singular what a change a few moments, in the progress of a trial will sometimes make in the feelings of the audience. Like the ocean, they are swayed ceaselessly to and fro, looking indifferently on, or with partial interest in the cause, and too often utterly regardless of the hearts that are breaking at the event. But it was not so in this. The calm, noble, self-collected bearing of the accused, and the gentle, yet touching looks of his lovely young wife, had awakened an interest in their favor, which made the hundreds of spectators catch eagerly at any ray of hope. But alas! it was not they who were the arbiters of the prisoner's fate.

The argument of the prosecution now began, and was a most masterly display. Carefully eulogising the eloquence of my colleague till he had done away its power in the minds of the jury, he proceeded to narrate the evidence in detail, but so carefully connecting it with the former history of my client as to create the impression that the deed was not only one of malice but of a thirst for gold. He then boldly taunted us with our want of evidence, and the known exertions we had made to obtain it. In conclusion, after dwelling upon the character of the deceased, he recapitulated the testimony again, welding incident with incident, until the chain seemed perfectly irresistible. All this time by an apparent candor, and a show of the greatest tenderness and liberality, he had been sapping the jury's sympathy for the defence. He sat down, and a murmur of impatience ran through the court. In short, as the trial approached the end the suspense seemed growing intolerable. The interest was intense. A few moments would decide the prisoner's fate forever.

The judge began his charge. It too was long talked of afterward for its eloquence. With a firm voice he laid the case before the jury, never suffering his sympathy for the prisoner to interfere with his impartiality as a judge, and while dwelling long and earnestly upon the character of the accused, giving to every word of the testimony its full and terrible weight. He admitted that there seemed a mystery about the prisoner's connexion with such a crime, but he did not think the discrepancies in the testimony of the witnesses more than natural, or that they failed to prove the identity of the body. "There can," he said in conclusion, "be no reasonable doubt that a murder was committed,—and as little, on the testimony of three unimpeachable witnesses, that the body found was that of Mr. Wilson. With you, gentlemen, it remains to say, whether under all the circumstance, the prisoner at the bar is guilty of that murder,—and in your deliberations remember his former character, and that he is entitled to every doubt that may arise. We have both a solemn duty to perform, in which a fellow creature's life is at stake. Mine is now done. I dismiss you to your's; and may God Almighty guide you aright."

He ceased. For a moment, after the faltering tones with which he finished had died away, there was a profound silence, and then came a low, smothered sob, as of a feeling of suspense too great to be supported. The prisoner's wife was fainting!

The jury retired. Few words were spoken by those who remained, for all felt it was no time for idle talk. Every eye was directed to the group in the bar. But the bearing of the prisoner was as unruffled as ever, and no sign betokened that like all around him, he felt the terrible suspense. Calmly, and self-collected he sat there, winding his arm around the slender form of his wife; while that wife burying her face in his bosom, waited breathlessly for the word which was to restore him to life, or send her broken-hearted to the grave.

At last the officer announced that the verdict was made up, and following him with slow and solemn steps the jury entered the box.

It is always an eager moment when those arbiters of life and death appear, as the countenances of one or another of them generally betokens, in an exciting trial, the result of their deliberations. But in vain did I scan them now. Save a solemn, awful responsibility depicted on the face, there was nothing either of hope or fear.

As the prisoner was ordered, according to the usual form, to stand up and look upon the jury, a convulsive quiver past across the face of his wife, and then, with breathless interest she gazed upon the event.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury, said the clerk, in the usual formality, "is Henry Duval, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

The moment that follows this is of the most intense suspense. All the hopes and fears that the prisoner or his friends have cherished during a long and harassing trial are then brought to a crisis, and the instant elapsing between the clerk's question and the answer of the foreman seems prolonged into an age. This feeling too pervades the spectators, and on the present occasion it had been wrought up to the highest pitch. A silence like death hung over the crowded room. The judge advancing from his seat, stood up just behind the clerk, and looked anxiously at the foreman. The officers of the court leaned forward breathlessly, while a thousand anxious faces, piled one above another as they rose backward from the bar, and looked eagerly down upon the silent jurymen. The prisoner alone betokened no anxiety; for save a slight and almost imperceptible quivering of the lines of the mouth, he was as calm and as self-collected as ever. One arm rested on the chair and the other wound around the trembling form of his wife. All this in a moment the eye took in; for years seemed crowded into seconds.

"Guilty," said the foreman, in a low, solemn tone, but which, so strained was the attention, was heard distinctly in the farther corner of the apartment.

One wild, fearful shriek, rang through the crowded room, and then all was again as still as death. It was the prisoner's wife.

The judge hastily drew his hand across his eyes and said to the clerk in a husky voice.

"Poll them—every man!"

It is a merciful provision of the law, which gives a prisoner a right of asking the jury individually for their opinion. It thus secures him the benefit of any change of sentiment, and prevents all doubt. The right is not always exacted, but the judge in this case himself required it.

"John Fletcher," said the clerk solemnly, "how say you, is the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted."

"Guilty answered the foreman, with terrible calmness.

And so they continued one by one, amid a thrilling silence, to give in their condemnation. Men's breath came thicker as they drew nearer and nearer to the end. The twelfth man was about to answer, when I cast a hurried look at my client. But though his features were rigidly set, not a muscle of his countenance betokened fear. His half dead wife gazed alternately at her husband's lofty look, and at the juryman about to answer.

"George Holcombe," said the clerk "how say you, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

The man looked undecidedly around a moment, cast a hasty glance at the prisoner, and then with an imploring look at the foreman and judge, replied,

"I—can't—find him guilty—I am not certain the man was murdered—as I've to answer to God I can't."

A stifled sob of hysteric joy broke from the prisoner's wife. Men looked astonished, and a faint murmur of applause was heard.

What might have ensued I know not, but at this moment, as if echoing the cry, a solitary voice was heard far off through the open windows, apparently from its faintness beyond the utmost verge of the crowd shouting "make way!" and as the sound came rapidly nearer it was caught up by mouth and tongue, until a hundred voices rung it forth upon the air, and rising nearer and louder, and deepening as it rose, it swelled into a wild uproar from the thousands without, that roared and echoed round the building like a roll of continuous thunder.

Every man started to his feet. The jurymen looked in wonder at one another and the judge. The judge in mute astonishment, ran his keen eye over the crowd toward the entrance, where the uproar seemed concentrating,—while the attorney general grasping the rails of his box, gazed up at the bench and toward the tumultuous entrance in silent wonder. The prisoner himself started, as if he had been shot, and then fixed his proud, lofty eye upon the doorway, still shielding his wife, whose color went and came like the shadows of a summer landscape.

The uproar deepened. The thousands without seemed swayed by some tempest of sudden passion,—but amid their loud cries and wild shouts it was impossible for a time to distinguish any-thing. All was suspense. Then that clear giant voice rung out again over all the thunder of the crowd, "make way—make way—make way;" the dense masses in the doorway for an instant swayed to and fro, as if some one was struggling ineffectually to enter; and directly the form of a man was seen elevated on the shoulders of the mob, it was borne through the entrance, and there, in the bar, not two feet from the prisoner, in full life and health, though travel-soiled, stood James Wilson, the very man for whose murder my client was arraigned.

What a moment followed! For an instant the uproar ceased, and men gazed in awe and wonder at the new-comer, as if he were a spectre from the dead; while the prisoner, who had stood everything till now, placed his hand on the intruder's arm, gazed a moment wildly in his face, and gasping "Thank God!" fell back trembling like a child into the arms of my colleague.

That silence lasted but a minute. Hundreds simultaneously recognised Wilson, and overcome with gladness at the wished for innocence of the prisoner, lost all thought of the place, and broke into a universal shout. A whirlwind of passion seemed sweeping through the room. From bar and jury box, area and gallery, men started up in frantic joy, and while grey-haired sires waved their palsied arms on high, a roar of tumultuous applause arose, which shook the old building like an earthquake, and caught up by the thousands without, rolled from voice to voice, and crowd to crowd, until the very welkin trembled again. Never shall I forget it. All command of the faculties seemed lost and a sympathetic excitement shot, like wildfire from breast to breast.

It was ten minutes before the uproar was checked. Judge, bar, clerk and all, though used to such scenes, were moved to tears, and when the attorney general rose, his voice trembled so that he could scarcely speak.

But why dwell on the picture? As the verdict had not yet been given in, and as fifty men could testify to the person of the new-comer, the formalities of proof were soon gone through with, and the prisoner acquitted. The transition was too great for his faithful wife. She was carried from the court room in a fainting fit, to the house of the judge, and for a long time her life was despaired of. But she recovered, and a lovelier being never smiled upon prosperity. From thenceforth, thank God! sorrow was a stranger to her bosom.

Mr. Wilson's tale was short and soon told. After parting with Duval he had proceeded on his journey, fallen in with a marauding party of British seamen, been wounded, taken prisoner, carried off on board the fleet, and then, for months, cut off from all communication with his countrymen. He had once or twice forwarded the intelligence of his capture to his friends; but the casualities of war had prevented its receipt. At last he was exchanged,—but what was his horror on reaching New York, to see a notice of the intended trial of his ward's husband for his own murder. In an instant the whole current of his feelings were changed. But a few days were left to the trial, and starting that hour he rode express day and night, and arrived just in time to save my client from an ignominious conviction. The feelings of all may be better imagined than described.

The frankness with which Mr. Wilson begged that old memories might be forgotten, did more to subdue Duval than months of shame, anguish, and imprisonment. But we drop the curtain. Suffice it to say, that his angelic wife came into instant possession of her fortune, and that he whom she loved so devoutly, has since by his talents, made his name ring through more than one state of our union. If ever this meets his eye, I know he will pardon the friendship which, under feigned names, has striven in this sketch, to do honor to his own fortitude and his wife's affection.

D.

From Burton's Magazine.

The Young Year.

BY JOHN S. DU SOLLE.

Not for the gifts thy sparing hand bestows—
Not for the smiles thy ductile cheeks disclose—
Not for the hopes thy flattering lips betray—
(All, but the visioned semblances of truth!)
I sing of thee, bright youth!
I would not bid thy nimble pinions stay;
Nor cease, though irksome, thine imperious sway:
Thy garb of mingled mercy and crime,
Offspring of Time!
Were robbed, alas! of many a lovelier hue,
Since good, as well as ill, were ended too!
I would not bid thee stay thy wild career!
Though sorrow come obedient to thy call,
Still, life is dear!
It hath a thousand ties! It is not all
One sad, unvarying, spirit-wounding, sphere
It hath its changes, and its calms, like those
Which nature knows,
When the rough tempest lulls, and seeks repose.

Yes, life is dear! even in its stormiest hours—
Who would not live, e'en though to live were vain?
Oh! who would die, (death is not strewed with flowers!)
And seek perchance unutterable pain?
Ev'n death's own chosen, see! they linger here,
Choosing earth's bitterness—its galling chain
Of linked-up toil and anguish—as in fear;
Seeking, yet shunning, that eternal clime,
Whose mighty wings o'ershadow human time.

Still, thou canst bring us little here but wo!
The heartless, hopeless, reckless, idler throng,
They of the wine-cup, of the feast, the song,
The revel, and the dance—
They may look moveless on thy changing brow:
They may not quail beneath thy thrilling glance,
Nor heed thy warning tone:
Spring's sudden blush, and summer's rosy prime,
Autumn's rich breath, and winter's hoary clime—
No seasons differ to the heedless eye!
Well! well! pass on!
They who will live like brutes, so let them die.

But there are more for whom thou hast no frowns!
The gay, light, laugh of childhood, mocks thy power:
Thou canst not cast thy chilling shadow down
Upon its golden moments, for its hour
Of sinless merriment though brief, is one
Voluptuously happy! Like the sun,
It is all brightness! Dimless, glorious all—
Care cannot mar, nor grief its beauty pall!

Yet thou'rt an eloquent monitor! Thy birth
The dreamy past, how vividly recalls!
Its prurient hopes, its triumph, and its mirth,
Love's rosy hours and joyous festivals—
They steal upon the memory as falls
The timid twilight o'er the quiet earth,
So dimly, yet so pleasingly! Alas!
That aught unlovely should its limning blight,
But lo! upon the retrospective glass,
What hideous objects meet our quivering sight!
What ill-spent moments—murdered talents, pass!
What sins innumerable—black as night!
Till sick and sad, the humbled spirit mourns,
And from the faithful picture, shuddering turns.

Oh! thou'rt a treacherous visiter to man!
Thy futile promises how fair they seem!
Thou hast for all some mighty scene began,
Of glory, love, of honor! And we deem
(Though how deceived, and cheated, o'er and o'er,)
Each new creation perfect as before!
Aye! thou art treacherous. Thy face was joy—
Thy birth-day smiles the brightest thou hast worn,
And the fond heart leapt glad, when thou wast born—
Say! most inconstant boy,
Is my heart lighter?
Are my hopes brighter?
Are any happier than they were that morn?
Few, ah! how few! But hast thou scathed none?
Crushed passions—broken pledges—are around,
Disease, misfortune, penury's sad moan—
Are not these poisoning attributes thine own?
Thou'rt not too merciful, alas! to wound:
Well, thou art young; thou hast a brave career;
Thou mayst improve, perchance, then: yet I fear
That they who deemed themselves in thee so blest
Will find thee little better than the rest!

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

RUNNING THROUGH ICEBERGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

It was at the commencement of a dark evening, at the close of March, '35, when a gallant frigate under stumped top-gallant masts, with her courses furled, and her storm-mizen, jib, and staysails set, leaped along her solitary course, amid a wilderness of waters. Her broadsides hissed as they played with the feathery waves, and her rigging echoed back in shriller notes the music of the gale. At this moment, the cry of a man overboard, echoed wildly through the groaning ship—"A man overboard"—howled the officer of the deck, through his trumpet, and ere the necessary orders could be given, the ship was put about, and the life-buoy cut adrift. One of the main-yard men had got caught by the bow-line, and far to leeward had been cast, by the sudden movement of the after guard below. As all hands stood watching the scowling face of the ocean, the watch in the fore-top cried out—"There he is, dead ahead, making for the life-buoy." Anxiously did we look forward, and fervently did we pray that the poor fellow might be spared the horrors of a seaman's death—when of a sudden, the cry—"He has reached the buoy, he is safe"—thrilled the soul of every listener. As I watched the dim line of the horizon gradually darkening into night, I saw the poor fellow bounding from billow to billow, while the little red flag of the buoy waved gallantly over his fated head. The storm had rendered it almost impossible for us to pick him up. Twice we changed our course to get nearer to him, and twice his feeble cry sadly reached us over the thundering deep. I looked, and slowly the life-buoy settled in the waters; another wave, and a white hand appeared beckoning from its dark bosom; another, and the seaman who had braved the battle's brunt, and whose body bore the scars of glorious warfare, found a deep sea-grave with the slimy things of ocean. With melancholy feelings we came upon the other tack, and the unmarked sepulchre of the mariner soon sank astern.

"Sail O!" cried the watch.

"Where away," hailed the lieutenant.

"On the weather bow, sir," faintly answered the look-out.

All eyes were now bent upon a bright mote, that twinkled in the distance, and the feeling that we were not alone upon the ocean, seemed to cheer up the spirits of the droopers. A short half-hour past, and the spot had become larger than a seventy-four.

"Icebergs ahead!" shouted the watch, and icebergs there were before us, sure enough.

Old Ironsides, for such was the lone frigate, above mentioned, now changed her course. A few dazzling spots were seen around her, but the berg nigh at hand presented a grand and magnificent spectacle. The sea broke over the lower portions of it, like rollers over the white rocks of a tempest-riven shore; and the pale blue light that flashed from the crystal mountain chilled us, while it riveted our curious gaze.

"We must be careful not to graze those islands in the night," said the commander as he looked anxiously to windward.

"Had we not better heave to, sir?" said the deck officer, touching his hat. The commander looked again to the Northward. The pale spots seemed thickening there, and the fog so common to high latitudes seemed creeping like a shadow over the deep.

"Keep her away"—thundered the captain seizing the trumpet—"set the fore and main top-sail, and reefed fore-sail."

"Steady, quarter-master."

"Steady, it is," growled the knight of the binnacle, and soon the broad sheets of canvass flapped and bellied to the gale, while the old frigate ran along to the Southward at the rate of eleven, six.

"Have thermometers hung over the sides, sir," said the commodore, as the haze settled around us like a fleecy cloud.

"Aye! aye! sir," replied the officer of the deck, and soon two master's mates were seen standing in the gang-ways watching the tell-tales of heat and cold. Every fifteen minutes the temperature of the ocean was reported to the captain, who answered, as he paced the quarter-deck, "Very well, cast again."

At length the two reported a change of temperature that astonished all hands.

"Fifteen degrees difference, d'd you say?" said the captain, with a serious look.

"Aye! aye! sir," said both mates in the same breath, as they returned to their posts. At this moment a current of cold air seemed to freeze our cheeks and almost take away our breath. A sullen roar, as though a thousand breakers were singing around us, struck the ear. Blueish shadows, like mountain cliffs, passing swiftly to leeward, met the eye; and then the temperature of the water was as high as before.

"Crack on all sail"—said the captain, in a voice of thunder—"the only way to avoid danger is to run through it!"

Flap went the spanker to the breeze; the reef was shaken out of the foresail; down the dark valleys of ocean plunged the laboring vessel, and the icebergs were astern. Weary with the excitement of the hour, and chilled by the cold from those wanderers from the pole, I sought my little state-room, seven feet below water; and while the sea rushed past my pillow with hissing violence; and while the mariner paced in solemn march before the spirit-room hatch, I fell asleep. A gun now echoed over the waters, and roused me from my slumbers—I went upon deck—it was a beautiful morning, the breath of summer was around me—an English merchantman lay to, in the distance; and mountains of the western islands towered in majesty amid a cloudless sky.

OLD IRONSIDES IN A QUANDARY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Evening was slowly wrapping in her dusky mantle the Fortress Rock of Gibraltar, as the frigate Constitution under royals, glided around Europe point and squared her yards for the Balearic Isles.

It was the 12th of September, 1835, the breeze was favorable, and the harvest-moon rode up the azure sky in matchless splendor. The breeze gradually freshened as the night passed on, until at last it became necessary to reduce sail, not only to save spars, but to prevent the possibility of running over the little island of Alboran, which is situated midway between the shores of Spain and Barbary.

At midnight, by the master's reckoning, the old ship was near the almost sunken isle, and a sharp look-out was kept by the watch for breakers on the lee-bow. Silence reigned throughout the ship, the sails that remained upon her, drew sweetly, the billows curled in gentle murmurs around her bows, and passed off in a frothy sheet behind.

"Sail O!" cried a voice from the forecastle.

"Where away?" thundered the officer of the deck.

"Dead ahead," was the reply.

"How does she steer?" cried the officer.

"For our bows, sir," answered the forecastle man, and all was silent—we were directly under the moon, and from the course the stranger sail pursued, it was apparent that we were not perceived. As we were the largest ship, and a man-of-war, and had our starboard tacks aboard, it was proper for us to hold on our course, and for the stranger to give way, but this the brig, for such she was now perceived to be, had no idea of doing. At length she saw us, but still onward she came, as though desirous to go down to the caves of the sea as quick as possible. A knot of officers gathered upon the forecastle—and the writer of this sketch, seated astride of a belaying pin, was watching the end of the eccentric stranger. She now seemed at a short distance from us. To give way to her might throw us upon Alboran, to pursue our course without a change upon her part, would effect her destruction. Both vessels were now alarmingly near, and fearing lest I might be too small an object to be respected in case of a meeting between two such large bodies, going ahead at the rate of nine knots an hour, I made a sudden spring, without considering my friend, the belaying pin, and *landed* upon the deck, leaving a quarter of a yard of blue broad cloth, which I could have better spared from a better place, fluttering in the breeze. At this moment, when it seemed that a meeting could not be avoided, if we kept on our course, the officer of the deck, thinking the brig intended to pass to leeward, gave the order—"Hard up your helm"—the stranger, however, continued on, and of course, approached still nearer to us, and just as I had made up my mind to hear the crashing of spars and rigging, the shrieks of the drowning, and the gurgling sound of the whirlpool, as the gallant brig went down to her watery rest, the master's mate of the forecastle cried—"Hard down, sir,"—"Hard down," said the lieutenant of the watch in a voice of thunder—"Hard down," growled old bruiser at the wheel, and hard down went our helm. The old frigate answered her helm sweetly, and the brig, like a flash of light, dashed across our bows within a few feet of our flying jib-boom, and staggered along her course, we having as she passed us, completely stolen her wind. When she came on, not a voice was heard, but that of the officers of the watch, giving the orders before mentioned; but when she had passed, a burst of feeling came from every breast, and the cry, "thank God she is safe," awoke the silence of the frigate's deck. As I looked out the bridle port, I saw the captain of the brig standing speechless at the gangway, with a lantern in his hand, while beside him, a little boy was kneeling in the act of supplication. Who the captain was or from what nation he sprung, I never could ascertain; but one of our

reckon, from the statement on hand, pass that a paying bonus, like that of commodore Truxtun's, well spied with round guns and cannister, which owing to the circumstances of the case, he never will forget. In a few days the ocean was met behind a cloud, and feeling confident that we had passed the toughest island, we charged our course for Cape de Verde. The next morning about a sail was in sight, the coast of Spain, in all its glorious beauty, lay beside us; Cape de Gatte appeared ahead; and the snow-capped mountains of Barbary rose to view.

Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA,
G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 08, 1840.

☞ The Terms, under the present editors and proprietors, shall be precisely those for the Sunday paper of which this is a continuation, viz: Three dollars per annum, of which a further small sum must be taken for postage. But it shall never be the task to the editor of temperance, the friends whereof do the growth of a vicious thought. With our view, it will ever be found, that the Commercial, Governor to Tennessee, no longer embroiled to injure the humble reputation known among the people, and the fair name of a merchant in tendency, and festivity promises, in fact.

State Affairs.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS in advance remitted to this office, *free of postage*, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for three years; or for one copy of the Philadelphia Casket and *two* of the Post for one year.

☞ SEVEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will pay for *two* copies of the Post, and *two* of the Casket for one year.

☞ TEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

☞ TWENTY DOLLARS, *in advance*, will procure six copies of the Post, and six copies of the Casket for one year.

☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of entirely original articles, with rich engravings, and highly colored *fashions*. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and a copy of it forms an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best *bank-note* they can find, and *remit it by mail*, postage free, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding of the works to their address.

Election of Governor.

The time is rapidly approaching, when the freemen of this Commonwealth will be called upon to exercise the right of elective franchise in the election of Magistrates. As we stretch some what extensively in this State a word upon the subject may not be deemed unbecoming, and as the exercise of the right in this way is somewhat new, a neutral paper, is perhaps the best, to speak exactly what should be said. On this occasion we consider it the duty of every Pennsylvanian to regard the interests of the State as pre-eminent to those of party. In the present organization of parties in this country such longer may appear preposterous; it is nevertheless true. In the excitement, the rage, the whirlwind of party prescription, the *fitness* of a candidate for any office is rarely looked to, and so far has the principle been carried of late years, that even the crimes of a judicial station is no longer held in mind, but the dignity of the office must be so degraded as to be scarcely tolerated by political bankers. Not that we are willing for a moment to give credence, or circulation to the vile calumnies which are propagated by prostituted and venal partisan papers, upon the lives and characters of some of our most estimable citizens, whose only crime, in too many cases is, that they are opposed in politics, and have some chance of success.

We have ever considered these practices most pitiable and contemptible, and one, if it continues to increase, which will effectually exclude from office, and honor our best worthy citizens. The high minded man will stoop to the degradation, or submit to such injury of feeling for the sake of office.

The great inducement to his election should be the fitness of the candidate. The great safeguards and preservation of the State, worthily and religious must be preserved, and to that end, low and order must be enforced. In the purity and vigor of the administration of the laws, the public safety depends, and a corrupt, blood, headwinked judicial officer is the greatest curse of a free State. Unless, therefore, the people, who by the different parties as candidates for Aldermanship, are such, as by their lives heretofore have given a warrant, that they will support the spirit as well as the letter of the laws, which they may be called upon to administer, they should never receive the support of a people, who value their liberties their good name. Although we are neutrals, we love our Country, and will help to elect its rulers. We take no partisan ground. We resort to no partisan means. We discard all partisan influence, and take the broad ground of our duty as patriots and thinking men, and as Editors with thousands of our fellow citizens, that the office of Magistrate—in its influence reaching society in its more minute ramifications is of far more importance than is hitherto considered;—we will support no man who will conniive at evasions of the law, direct, or indirect; who will encourage profligacy by his countenance, or by his example. We will vote for no man, whose public acts and private conduct heretofore have disgraced his country and himself. We will vote for no man, who will not be prompt and efficient in the execution of the law in all its windings, in all its bearings—showing no favors to friends—making no compromise—gratifying no malice in the punishment of enemies political or personal—in short for no one who would bring his country to gratify his passions, and suffer the demon of debauchery and corruption to stalk unabashed before him.

The administrator of the laws and error reflect is glen—his *example* be a commentary upon the text, crime should shrink affrighted from before him, and order should follow in his footsteps. For such men taken up by either, or by any party, we should go heart and soul for any judicial office. It is true that the ostensible tendency and cast of the political press of the day, were discarded by rational minds, and that men in the free exercise of the intellect which God has given them, should think and act for themselves, and not from a blind subserviency to party, or for party leaders. We ask the freemen of the Commonwealth, sane and all, to give this subject a close investigation, a serious and calm consideration, to divest themselves of party prejudices and party pride; to stand out in the noble dignity of Free Americans, and in the light of truth and reason to decide their duty, and having done so—to act.

Next Governor of Tennessee.

This young lady takes a benefit at the Museum on Monday night next, and we must confess he has prepared a bill of wonderful attraction and character. In addition to the assistance of services of her sister, Mrs. Watson—that talented contortionist—she has announced the last of the popular Burton—the inimitable Burton—as well as the highly effective vocal of Howard, Gaylor, Fortune, and little Miss Cushman, the instrument of Colosseum, with its rich music.

Miss Wells is an uncommonly deserving young lady, of modest, unassuming manners, and unblemished private deportment. She merits the overflowing house, and if our citizens don't on this occasion show how handsomely they can appreciate genuine worth, we shall think but little of their discernment, or of their taste for any thing beside tom-foolery and bombing.

Literary Institute.

The lecture before this flourishing institution, by Dr. Cuddie, was listened to with pleasure by a large and intelligent audience. The subject was "The influence of fiction," and it was treated by Dr. C. in the ablest manner. The lecture was well written and delivered, and reflected much credit upon the lecturer.

Mercantile Library Company.

Mr. J. R. Smith requested, by request, the Library Room on Monday before the 22d inst. It is to be opened on Friday evening, 14th inst. It is a well spoken of by those who had the pleasure of hearing it. The following extract we make from the Constitution: "The object of this Institution is declared to be the diffusion of useful knowledge. With its present means—history, all in the realms of science and the arts. It was a fondly cherished object to its first founders, and one dear to us, if existing; while it also called up past associations and emotions. A withered flower, a note of music, a book of lore, will open the door of memory, and recall happier and affections. And here the lecturer drew an affecting picture of a mother, whose affections had been centered toward her long buried child, in connection with having dared one of its toys, years after it was laid in the grave. It was worthy of notice, that the discovery of the toy, not only produced a paroxysm of grief, but entirely feeling and affection, as the sight of the toy, now irretrievably withdrawn. Memory, indeed, though sometimes embittered by the sad, was the source of many pleasures

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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LETTING UP.—Subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST, who are willing to attach to the last number of the present volume a sheet for binding the same, are requested to forward the number they intend to set up to the Publisher, as soon as convenient, that the number may reach him before the end of the year.
SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
Late Publisher, 26 Carter's Alley.

Dec 7—3w

☞ Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post will please accept this notice as a request for paying early attention to the above. We wish to have the accounts closed by the first of January next ensuing, if possible. Those who intend to continue the paper are to write: and therefore should like to start the year unincumbered with the past. Those who do not, are to send the paper as soon as discontinued. An early and prompt settlement is respectfully solicited.
SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
Late Publisher, 26 Carter's Alley.

Dec 7—3w

☞ Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post will please continue to act as agent for the Post and Casket.
J. C. R. VALERY, P. M. Trenton, Mass. will please act as agent for this paper and the Casket.
☞ J. J. M. LOWRAY, Esq. of Greensborough, N. C. will please accept our thanks for the paper and its efficient manner in which he has transacted the business connected with it. Sir, and will please continue to act as agent for this paper and the Casket.

☞ Joan Jones, Esq. of Smithfield, Jefferson county Ohio, is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and the Philadelphia Casket, and those wishing to subscribe for either of their papers will please make application to him.

To Postmasters and Subscribers.

We request that Postmasters and subscribers when they order Discontinuances, will state the name of the paper. A paper returned and marked "refused" is no notice under the law, and will receive no attention at our hands. A responsible Post Office must be named, at which a paper is received, by the mere return of the paper, and it must be sent to every one discontinued, or we are liable to be sued for the subscriber. We are important in this matter.

Absorbing Species.

In 1812, three careful spinsters, living in a shining town in Massachusetts, made a sale of property in the amount of $7 000 dollars, and received payment in specie, or in right shares of bank at its par value of 100 dollars each, in a well conducted bank. They performed the agency which was paid, $500 in Spanish quarters, and $300 in the old fashioned pistareens, or 20 cent pieces. The specie was kept buried until 1831. The Bank, in the meanwhile, paid regular half-yearly dividends of six and sometimes seven per cent. per annum, until 1831, when the ladies having lost confidence the Bank "was good," invested their money in its stock. Their pistareens, instead of being 20 cents, were worth only 17 cents each, thus losing 15 per cent. on $300, and also lost for 19 years on the whole, paying 8 per cent. premium for the stock,—besides, living in the daily or rather nightly danger of being robbed and murdered.

Suppose they had taken the right shares of stock in 1812, and had placed the dividends at interest at the end of each year, the stock would have produced (at 6 per cent only) in 1831, $11,413 20, and their property would have had in shape of stock worth $6864, making a total of $11,477 32, instead of their original $6000 which was realized in 1831 to $755, a clear loss of $11,722 32.

The Maine Border.

The Advertiser states on the authority of Gen. Harmon, that the barracks at Fort Fortage Road, near the head of Tennessee Lake, are now occupied by two hundred British troops of the eleventh regiment, commanded by Maj. Chumley. The barracks are large, well built, and comfortable quarters, he thinks, from 600 to 800 men. The British have also built a large guard house, beside officers' quarters, and are now constructing a large mess house—the buildings thus erected, being eight in number. They have also commenced building a fort on the hill in the rear. As far as is now so. South, and Bonne to the lately occupied by the line to the borders of Canada, sufficient to quarter from 200 to 300 men, when eight more buildings may be erected. The point occupied by the British, at this season, a new two story house for barracks, about twelve miles below the mouth of the Madawaska, on the southerly side of St. John's river, sufficient for quartering from 150 to 200 men—in taking care of which, from one to three men are employed. What does this all mean?

The Human Lungs.

The structure and function of the lungs in human subjects, has long been a chief study of Dr. Hyrtzle, of Paris, and by very numerous diseases of this organ in its ordinary and also in its pathologically diseased state he has ascertained that the tissues or cellular coats of the lungs are almost entirely composed of the minute branches of blood vessels, or of the pulmonary artery and veins, and that whenever any disease attacks the lungs, whether of wasting or connecting with each other. The cells of the lungs diminish in number, but increase in size with increasing years, and at the twelfth month old age, the increase being greatest, where a cough has attended the individual. That on the whole, aged persons have fewer cells in their lungs, and consequently have less animal heat, and are less able to resist cold than the young. Dr. Hyrtzle has found that the pulmonary disease called consumption, is owing to the small particles of the pulmonary blood vessels secreting a greyish yellow matter, in case of the cells of which he finds, in some cases, is unvisible, and the patient coughs it up, and recovers; but much too frequently it increases, adheres to the cells and cells, gradually obstructs them, and the whole system at length becomes tuberculous, or formed of the greyish yellow matter. Considering then the immense importance of the lungs to the whole human organization in the arterial secretion of the vascular tissues of the lungs, Dr. M. employs medicines, and particularly the hydrocyanic acid, to check the first stages of the disease, with the happiest effect.—*Monthly Mag.*

Short Shrubbery by the Seaboard.

An extract from the office of the Apalachicola Gazette under date of the 27th ult. says:—"We this morning received the distressing intelligence that the family of Mr. Bennett, at Bartett's Mills, were massacred by a party of Indians, just before sundown last evening.

By the Steamer Commerce arrived this morning, we hear of the murder of another family, on Monday evening last, that of Mr. Holland's, six miles above Ilde.

On the 5th inst. near Garey's Ferry, a military train consisting of twelve wagons, was fired upon by the Indians, killing one of the drivers and six mules. The wagons scattered the remaining mules from the wagons as soon as possible, and made their escape. Within five miles of the place the plains of which are covered with Maj. Bassett, with ten or twelve mounted men, who hurried immediately to the wagons, found that they had been plundered of every thing valuable by the Indians.

Defamation Lamentable.—The publisher of a newspaper is often pretty put for his leaders. The Statesman Patriot says that at the meeting on Monday last, the town of Barnstable voted that the Report of the School Committee, which was read in the meeting, be printed in the Barnstable and Yarmouth Register, *provided* that those papers will publish it FOR NOTHING!!!

Positively we expect to hear of some of the good citizens of that town after such a concession of liberality. The editor of the Patriot should remember that a vote of thanks, and send his paper to each member of the meeting for six months gratis.

GENERAL NEWS.

Orange Mineral Family.—We have mention ed the arrival at Rio Janeiro of the ship Lausanne, Captain Spaulding, on her way to the Sandwich Islands and the Columbia River. She sailed on until the 14th Dec. when she again departed for the destined port. We are happy to learn that the Lausanne's family enjoyed excellent health during the voyage to Rio Janeiro, and during their fine spirits from that place. They speak in high terms of commendation of Captain Spaulding and his officers.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Mr. Dibble belonging to the American Board of Missions, who went out in the Lausanne, bound to the Sandwich Islands, was in feeble health.

Indians and American Whalers.—The ship Tuscarora, of New Bedford, Captain Hussey, put into Two People's Bay, New South Wales, recently, to take whales. He was ordered by H. B. M. ship of war Herald, lying there, to depart immediately, for her majesty's officer thought to stink him, or send a shot through his boat if he lowered for whales. The people at Swan River and Hindostan have petitioned for a man-of-war to be on the coast, to prevent Americans from whaling, and drive them out of the bay.

The Steamboat Lafayette, which sailed from New York on Sunday noon, Dec. 15th, for Liverpool, put into Fayal on the 31st of that month, having about of fuel and provisions consumed nearly weather and head winds. She sailed again on the 3d of January, for her destination.

This vessel has been extensively looked for at New York for some days, having been advertised to leave Liverpool, on her return trip, on the 20th of January. She undoubtly delayed her sailing, as she did not arrive as early as was expected, and she was also to have some repairs made upon her at Liverpool.

Ohio Penitentiary.—According to the report of the directors of this institution, the number of convicts is 465. Of these, 154 are from the county of Hamilton, 21 from Cincinnati is stationed. The number received in the Penitentiary during the past year is 178. Two-thirds of the convicts are under thirty years of age—under thirty, and one-fourth are under twenty-one. There are but *two females* in the prison. The pecuniary affairs of the institution for the year performed amounted to 52,310 dollars, and the expenditures to 51,357 dollars.

Affray at Mobile.—Four seamen, named William Robinson, James Backlee, George Thomas, and Nathaniel Dunfield, were brought into New York a day or two ago by the Boxer, from Mobile, and committed to the custody of the United States Marshal, upon a charge of attempting to commit a murder on board the brig Deposit, of Boston, which sail.

Texas Items.—A duel with rifles, at a distance of twenty yards, was recently fought near Shriveport, between J. O. Sewall and Samuel Wilson. The old blooded murder was committed at Houston on Christmas eve, by a young man named Wm. R. Bell, upon the person of E. B. Elkton. They were both natives of Kentucky.

Pennsylvania Legislature.—The following is a list of occupations of the members of the House of Representatives of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, viz: 2 bricklayers, 3 merchants, 44 farmers, 30 lawyers, 2 printers, 8 physicians, 3 hatters, 2 gentlemen, 1 soldier, 2 cabinet makers, 2 innkeepers, 1 tailor, 1 tanner, 1 coachmaker, 3 carpenters. Total, 100.

Homicide.—The Edenton, N. C. Sentinel says, the house of Miss Patsy Ward, near Windsor, Bertie county, was burned to the ground on the night of the 24th ult. an old woman, three children, and Miss Ward perished in the flames. The cause is not fully known, but that it was the work of some incendiary itself.

Lost Money Recovered.—Hamlin, the man who ran off with $11,000 in money, belonging to the Bank of Louisville, Commercial Bank of Natchez, has sent back the money. Hamlin says he will return the coming spring, and try to retrieve his character.

Bribes.—A new machine for making bricks has been lately constructed in England, and used with success at the new prison at Coldbath Fields, Penhaun. The cylinders revolve about once a minute, making in the course of each revolution, thirty-two bricks.

Mineral Investigation.—We note in an English paper that a coroner held an Inquest in London, on the body of a little boy named Fernando Ward, 2 years old, found dead on the 3d inst. The body of the deceased, as well as the residence of its parents, presented a wretched spectacle.

A Terrible Death.—A passenger on board an English steamer from Hull to Boston, stated himself near the engine, and being intoxicated fell backward among the machinery, and was instantly killed.

Conviction for Manslaughter.—Robertson, who killed Whitechurch some time in December, was convicted, upon a second trial in the New York Court of General Sessions, of manslaughter, in the *third degree*.

The Steamer Liverpool.—The "brig Harbinger," at Boston, from Fayal, reports that the steamer Liverpool, from New York, put into that port on the 31st December, for coal, and sailed again for Liverpool on the 3d of January.

Naval.—Orders were received at Norfolk on Wednesday, to fit out for a three years cruise, the new Sloop of War, York-town, at present lying in the Navy Yard, in that place.

Steamer Explosion.—The steamer Gallatin burst one of her boilers, in the act of leaving the Dover Landing. Two negroes killed, and a third severely wounded.

A Slaver Commenced.—The schooner Ann, seized at Baltimore, on suspicion of having been built and fitted out expressly for the slave trade, has been condemned by the U. S. Circuit Court.

Laws in Texas.—Texas has adopted the common law of England as the rule and guide of her Courts.

Lung Disease.—One-fourth of the deaths in Lowell, during the last year, were by diseases of the lungs.

Death in the Navy.—The Norfolk Beacon announces the death of Lieut. R. B. Fitchham, of the U. S. Navy.

Liars.—Roberts, of the Boston Times, has been fined in the sum of $15,000, to answer an alleged libel upon Russell, the vocalist.

Execution.—George W. Kelley, one of the supposed murderers of Sam Wright family, was executed at Greenville, Arkansas, on the 27th ult.

Burning a Bee.—An attempt was made on Sunday night last, to burn the Farmers' Bank, at Petersburg, Va.

Suicide.—A few days ago Nathaniel Mash, of Detroit, Mass. committed suicide by hanging himself.

Robbing a Bank.—An attempt was recently made to rob the Union Bank, of Buffalo. The false key broke in the lock and foiled the robbers.

The Ice.—The ice in the Mohawk river gave way on the 11th instant, and took with it that in the Hudson, at Troy.

Suicide.—A German, named Jacob Kenehart, recently committed suicide in Northumberland county, leaving a wife and eight children.

Tax Disputed Tractight.—The 11th Regiment, British, have been removed from the disputed territory.

Naval.—The British sloop of war Ramsey, was lying off Volusia at the last dates.

Texas Population.—Austin city (Texas) contains a population of 856.

From the Apalachicola Gazette. Fla. Jan. 26.

More Indian Massacres.

We this morning received the distressing intelligence that the family of Mr. Bennett, at Bartett's Mills, in this county, about 30 miles from this city, were massacred by a party of Indians, just before sundown last evening. Mr. F. W. Rowlett and a mulatto man were shot down by the Indians before they had shown themselves. The Indians then approached the house, and the females were shot down in attempting to make their escape. Mrs. Hollis, a daughter of Mr. Daniel Rowlett, was one to run some distance from the house before she fell. A negro man was shot near the house. One individual, a Mr. Robertson we believe, who was near the premises, also escaped to tell the story. The elder Mr. Rowlett, and one of his sons were from home, when the massacre took place.

Immediately after receiving this intelligence, the Franklin Guards, with great spirit and promptitude, mustered under Lieut. Roberts, (the Captain being absent) and left this city for the purpose of rendering a hospital for blind persons, having himself been blind for many years before his death. The establishment of Dr. Martin is one of the most extensive of the kind in the United States. Its premises look as if they were the grand depot of a large forwarding company, engaged in sending off merchandize in all parts of the world.

From Buenos Ayres.

We have the Buenos Ayreas British packet of Nov. 23; but in it we see no remarkable news. The French Admiral Mackau was anxiously awaited for by the friends of peace.

The official Buenos Ayreas Journals are principally filled with long documents, correspondence, Rosas, and accounts of festivities upon the discovery of the plot against his life. "Receive, soldiers of the chivalric nation of Paris," the homage of our respect and admiration."

It was confidently reported yesterday, that a detachment of 800 men of the forces of Lavalle were met by a similar number of the army of the Governor of Santa Fe, at a place called the Sauce, in Corrientes on the 11th inst. and completely routed. Seven fifties killed on the field and thirty prisoners, and a quantity of arms and ammunition in the hands of the victors.

Mexico—Revolutions and Peace.

An extract from a Vera Cruz journal of the 26th December, gives an account of a terrible conflagration in the city of Mexico, on the night of the 24th.

Letters received from Mexico make mention of an expedition being fitted out, destined for Texas. It is said that 600 men of the forces of the project of the expedition is, no doubt, to protect Mexicans from the assault of the Federalists. Both the Mexican Congress have declared for the adoption of the Common Law of England, as the basis of the system of jurisprudence to be reared in Texas. The British blood of war had appeared off Velasco, supposed to be the bearer of despatches from the government. The papers announce the election of General Felix Houston as Major General of Texas.

A Prairie Sketch.

The Burning Prairie.—In the fall of the year the Indians set fire to the dry grass of the prairies, and the flames sweep over the vast plains with inconceivable rapidity. Their object is to drive the game to the edges of the creeks where they may be hunted with greater facility.

"Twas in the latter part of October that we first enjoyed the magnificent spectacle of a burning prairie. During the night, for two or three days we had perceived far away on the horizon the reddish appearance which we at first supposed to be the light of the full moon, but which, old, came in and ordered Capt. Hussey to leave, threatening to sink him or send a shot through his boats, unless he got under weigh and left in four hours. Capt. Better further states that the inhabitants of Swan River and Hindostan have petitioned the Queen of war to be sent to that coast to prevent American ships from stooping to the neighboring waters, and to drive them from their Bays.

Tobacco Duties in Spain.

The following extract of a letter, dated at Madrid, gives an account of a new regulation which is to be used in the weeding, *i.e* farming the duties on tobacco in Spain.

The negociations which had been for some time privately going on with the Spanish Government for farming the tobacco revenues by a private company of capitalists, have been resumed, and begin to assume definite relations. The conditional offer which has been made to Ministers for a ten years' contract, is 8,500,000 dollars, free of all charges by the Government, for the first two years, 4,000,000 dollars during the next two years, 4,500,000 dollars for the next three years, and 5,000,000 dollars for the remaining three years, the Government engaging to continue in their service all persons who are now in the employ of the Government. The parties also claim the privilege of re-exporting or smuggling to be tried and summarily punished by a special tribunal. Ministers and the would be contractors are at once as to the manner to be paid by the latter, because upon referring to the documents of the Financial Department, they have found a statement of the ex-Finance Minister, Senor Ballesteros, at the time when the great contractor, the present Marquis of Cass Riera, wanted to secure the business, showing, that although the annual consumption of Spain is but 5,000,000 pounded tobacco, when deducting all charges, little doubt existed that the actual consumption was 10,000,000 lbs. per annum. It is contended by the Ministers that the management of the tobacco by the Spanish Tobacco Company would have the effect of almost instantaneously doing away with the contraband trade, because the company's officers would be paid and rewarded in proportion to the quantity of tobacco they would be enabled to find, not the clumsy ——3,000,000 dollars for the first two years; 6,000,000 dollars for the second two years; 7,000,000 dollars for the next three years; and 8,000,000 dollars for the last three years. It would not be a matter of surprise here if the terms were ultimately agreed to.

Ladies, the Private.

The last number of the Galenian Circle, contains an interesting sketch of this daring fellow. The editor says that nearly all the stories told of him are greatly exaggerated. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country when quite young, and was brought up in the family of Mr. Hall, a merchant of Philadelphia, with whom he remained until he was of age. He then went to Texas, and joined the army of Gen. Houston, and was present at the battle of San Jacinto. He was a brave man, and was always found in the front rank of danger. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel.

Lafitte, according to the Civilian, was a French man by birth, tall, finely formed, of highly polished manners, and of a very prepossessing appearance. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel.

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Impressed with wonder at the extraordinary scene we had witnessed, we seemed sleeplessly till high spread slowly in the eastern sky, and the day dawned.

The Burnt Prairie.—We crossed the creek as the sun rose, and the "burnt district" lay before us. It presented a dreary scene indeed. Not a single blade of grass was left, all the dry grass of the prairies, and the flames swept over the vast plains with inconceivable rapidity. Their object is to drive the game to the edges of the creeks where they may be hunted with greater facility.

"Twas in the latter part of October that we first enjoyed the magnificent spectacle of a burning prairie. During the night, for two or three days we had perceived far away on the horizon the reddish appearance which we at first supposed to be the light of the full moon, but which, old, came in and ordered Capt. Hussey to leave, threatening to sink him or send a shot through his boats, unless he got under weigh and left in four hours. Capt. Better further states that the inhabitants of Swan River and Hindostan have petitioned the Queen of war to be sent to that coast to prevent American ships from stooping to the neighboring waters, and to drive them from their Bays.

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Shortland Segments.

Mr. T. Hill, formerly of South Lambeth, London, and very recently deceased, left, by his will, only half a million of money for the benefit of the poor. Among the bequests of this gentleman, we notice the following:

London missionary Society	£20,000
Home Missionary Society	20,000
British and Foreign Society,	20,000
Irish Evangelical Society,	20,000
Bible and Tract Societies,	10,000
Sunday School for the Blind,	5,000
Middlesex Hospital,	1,000
Female Orphan Asylum,	1,000
Female Orphan School,	500
Lord Elden's School,	500
Liverpool Institution for the Blind,	500

It is stated that the amount bequeathed by Mr. Hill is larger than was ever before given by an individual for charitable purposes, with the exception of Mr. Day, the partner in the celebrated house of Day & Martin, blacking manufacturers. He left over £100,000 for the purpose of endowing a hospital for blind persons, having himself been blind for many years before his death. The establishment of Day & Martin is one of the most extensive of the kind in the United States. Its premises look as if they were the grand depot of a large forwarding company, engaged in sending off merchandize in all parts of the world.

From Buenos Ayres.

We have the Buenos Ayreas British packet of Nov. 23; but in it we see no remarkable news. The French Admiral Mackau was anxiously awaited for by the friends of peace.

The official Buenos Ayreas Journals are principally filled with long documents, correspondence, Rosas, and accounts of festivities upon the discovery of the plot against his life. "Receive, soldiers of the chivalric nation of Paris," the homage of our respect and admiration."

It was confidently reported yesterday, that a detachment of 800 men of the forces of Lavalle were met by a similar number of the army of the Governor of Santa Fe, at a place called the Sauce, in Corrientes on the 11th inst. and completely routed. Seven fifties killed on the field and thirty prisoners, and a quantity of arms and ammunition in the hands of the victors.

Mexico—Revolutions and Peace.

An extract from a Vera Cruz journal of the 26th December, gives an account of a terrible conflagration in the city of Mexico, on the night of the 24th.

Letters received from Mexico make mention of an expedition being fitted out, destined for Texas. It is said that 600 men of the forces of the project of the expedition is, no doubt, to protect Mexicans from the assault of the Federalists. Both the Mexican Congress have declared for the adoption of the Common Law of England, as the basis of the system of jurisprudence to be reared in Texas. The British blood of war had appeared off Velasco, supposed to be the bearer of despatches from the government. The papers announce the election of General Felix Houston as Major General of Texas.

A Prairie Sketch.

The Burning Prairie.—In the fall of the year the Indians set fire to the dry grass of the prairies, and the flames sweep over the vast plains with inconceivable rapidity. Their object is to drive the game to the edges of the creeks where they may be hunted with greater facility.

"Twas in the latter part of October that we first enjoyed the magnificent spectacle of a burning prairie. During the night, for two or three days we had perceived far away on the horizon the reddish appearance which we at first supposed to be the light of the full moon, but which, old, came in and ordered Capt. Hussey to leave, threatening to sink him or send a shot through his boats, unless he got under weigh and left in four hours. Capt. Better further states that the inhabitants of Swan River and Hindostan have petitioned the Queen of war to be sent to that coast to prevent American ships from stooping to the neighboring waters, and to drive them from their Bays.

Tobacco Duties in Spain.

The following extract of a letter, dated at Madrid, gives an account of a new regulation which is to be used in the weeding, *i.e* farming the duties on tobacco in Spain.

The negociations which had been for some time privately going on with the Spanish Government for farming the tobacco revenues by a private company of capitalists, have been resumed, and begin to assume definite relations. The conditional offer which has been made to Ministers for a ten years' contract, is 8,500,000 dollars, free of all charges by the Government, for the first two years, 4,000,000 dollars during the next two years, 4,500,000 dollars for the next three years, and 5,000,000 dollars for the last three years. It would not be a matter of surprise here if the terms were ultimately agreed to.

Ladies, the Private.

The last number of the Galenian Circle, contains an interesting sketch of this daring fellow. The editor says that nearly all the stories told of him are greatly exaggerated. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country when quite young, and was brought up in the family of Mr. Hall, a merchant of Philadelphia, with whom he remained until he was of age. He then went to Texas, and joined the army of Gen. Houston, and was present at the battle of San Jacinto. He was a brave man, and was always found in the front rank of danger. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel.

Lafitte, according to the Civilian, was a French man by birth, tall, finely formed, of highly polished manners, and of a very prepossessing appearance. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel. He was a man of strong passions, and was always ready to fight a duel.

A Journalistic Thrill.

A fellow who signs himself "John Smith"—no doubt an unvisible John himself, the villain!—has written a note to the Spirit of the Times and the Public Ledger, informing them that he is the individual that broke into "Head Quarters" and robbed that establishment of a quantity of ancient coin, which the proprietor, Mr. Spragg, preserved as a curiosity in a cabinet for the inspection of his friends; and that he will restore the whole amount if Mr. S. will make a donation of 50 dollars to the Moyamensing Soup Society. He sends it this a very singular affair. Would the Soup Society allinded to accept an uncompany conscience upon such terms, and with a knowledge of the circumstances? Would they like to share the wages of infamy!

The Eyes and Beard.

The fireman's glittering sword he bore—
For ever blest the fireman's type—
That rings upon the tyrant's crest,
That wins the heart like living fire.
Well can he wield the shining brand,
Who battles for his native land.
But when his fingers scamp the cheek,
That sweeps across to the fray,
They gather at the front of cowards,
Like vermin on the cagles to their prey!

And, and the valor well awaiting hate,
That sweetly blooms on Freedom's land,
A living power sometime and fate
The firemen's heart and sorrow his hand.
For the bright will that gave him birth,
He knows the sustenance from after;
On high his glittering sword he waves,
And unyields feel the fireman's fire,
While he, around their darkest graves,
Stations to old stations the fireman's lyre!

His burning heart he ever had
To screen a dating despot's envy—
A sapient knew he will not hold,
Before these things of "brass and clay."
When wrong and roam call on war,
He knows the summons from afar;
On high his glittering sword he waves,
And unyields feel the fireman's fire,
While he, around their darkest graves,
Stations to old stations the fireman's lyre!

ALMANAC.

February, 1840.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON RISES.	MOON'S PHASES.
1 Saturday	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	
2 Sunday	6 34	5 26	6 32	
3 Monday	6 34	5 27	7 32	
4 Tuesday	6 34	5 28	8 32	
5 Wednesday	6 34	5 29	9 32	
6 Thursday	6 34	5 30	10 32	
7 Friday	6 34	5 31	11 32	
8 Saturday	6 34	5 32	12 32	
9 Sunday	6 34	5 33	1 32	
10 Monday	6 34	5 34	2 32	
11 Tuesday	6 34	5 35	3 32	
12 Wednesday	6 34	5 36	4 32	
13 Thursday	6 34	5 37	5 32	
14 Friday	6 34	5 38	6 32	
15 Saturday	6 34	5 39	7 32	
16 Sunday	6 34	5 40	8 32	
17 Monday	6 34	5 41	9 32	
18 Tuesday	6 34	5 42	10 32	
19 Wednesday	6 34	5 43	11 32	
20 Thursday	6 34	5 44	12 32	
21 Friday	6 34	5 45	1 32	
22 Saturday	6 34	5 46	2 32	
23 Sunday	6 34	5 47	3 32	
24 Monday	6 34	5 48	4 32	
25 Tuesday	6 34	5 49	5 32	
26 Wednesday	6 34	5 50	6 32	
27 Thursday	6 34	5 51	7 32	
28 Friday	6 34	5 52	8 32	
29 Saturday	6 34	5 53	9 32	

Philadelphia Post Office.
Arrivals and Departure of Mails.
Eastern arrives at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. | closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 4 P. M. | closes at 4 P. M.
Western. | closes at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Boston. | closes at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Pittsburg, 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. | closes at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. R. W. Cushman, on Thursday, 13th inst. Mr. Wm. Lukens Hollingsworth, to Miss Mary Ann Ellis, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Dorwardle, Mr. Wm. Mollard, to Margaretta, daughter of the late Cornelius Hoffman, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hollingsworth, Mr. Joseph Parker, Jr. to Lydia, daughter of Caleb Cresson, all of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the evening of the 16th inst. Mr. William Cox, to Miss Ann Eliza Bowers.

By the Rev. Dr. Brantly, on the 30th of Feb. Ansbury Hall, Esq. of Georgia, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Elias Kirk, daughter of Chas. Kirk, Professor of Modern Languages.

On Thursday evening last, at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Richter, Mr. Thomas M'Millan, to Miss Mary Ann Meighener, all of this city.

On Thursday, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mayor Smith, Mr. George Gaskill, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, all of Philadelphia county.

On the 16th inst. by the same, Wm. S. Jennings of this city, to Miss Sarah Ann Hall, of Upper Darby.

At Christ Church, on Tuesday morning, 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Wm. H. Jones, of New York, to Miss Sarah A. Jones, daughter of William Newbold, of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ely, Mr. Thomas Jacob P. Zeilly, to Sarah S. Wilson.

At Shippensburg, on the 14th inst. at the house of Mr. Joseph Walker, by the Rev. Robert Webster, Mr. Matthew Walker, of Mount Rock, to Miss Martha Ann Fahnan, of the former place.

DIED,

On the 23d of January, at his father's residence, near Hockessing, Pa. Edwin T. Gale, of consumption, aged 22 years.

On Wednesday evening, Mar. 11th inst. Capt. Richard, son of the late Peter Heilgar, of the island of St. Bartholomew.

On the 13th inst. Thomas E. Fairlamb, aged 64 years.

On Thursday morning, 13th inst. John Hazard, in the 85th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. at an inst. after a protracted illness, in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Wilkins, relict of the late John Walker.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Ann Shaw, wife of Edward G. Shaw, in the 36th year of her age, after a long and protracted illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation to the will of God.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann Mary Ann, wife of Mr. James Gibson, formerly of Ireland.

On the 11th inst. Samuel Eglantine, daughter of Allen and Mary Ann Hollingsworth, aged 1 year and 11 months.

On the 11th inst. Elizabeth Duncan, daughter of Wm. and Mary Ann Duncan, aged 1 year and 11 months.

At Abington, Pa. on the 12th inst. Isaac Mann Morris, in the 72d year of his age.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Thos. Shaw, in the 36th year of her age.

On the morning of the 12th inst. in the 72d year of his age, Alex. Dunlap, on the 5th inst. Louis Francis Flacet (Flacet), aged 1 year and 11 months, son of Louis Flacet.

On Monday morning, in the 69th year of her age, Mr. Margaret Mcdonough.

On the 10th inst. at Germantown, Rebecca, wife of Joshua Fisher, in the 72d year of her age.

On the 15th inst. of scarlet fever, Sarah, wife of Joshua Hoopes, in the 36th year of her age.

At Baltimore, on Friday morning, 7th inst. of pulmonary consumption, Mr. Edward Shoemaker, aged 24, son and daughter of the late Edward Shoemaker, Esq. of Philadelphia, and grandson of the late Mr. Edward Shoemaker, of this city.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Maria Mumford, widow of the late Andrew Mumford.

On the 15th inst. Miss Catharine Ann Fisher, in the 19th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. after a short but severe illness, Mr. Joseph Hall, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Ann Jones, wife of Mr. James Jones of Frankford, in the 41st year of her age.

At Savannah, Geo. on the 3d inst. Hon. Col. Peter Gaillard, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. at the residence of Mr. Joseph Dugan, Lancaster, Pa. Joseph Dugan, Esq. in the 69th year of his age.

On the morning of the 15th inst. after a short but severe illness, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Bernard and Elizabeth Carey, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Mary Cain, in the 79th year of her age.

On Thursday, the 13th inst. Mrs. Ann Hall, wife of Thos. Hall, in the 72d year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Elizabeth Fletcher, widow of the late John Fletcher, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Ann Wilson, in the 72d year of her age, relict of the late Mr. Robert Wilson

THE OLIO.

Tuesday's the order of the day.
That gives it, if no force.

Whether for the Saturday Evening Post.
The Ghost of Shakspeare.
BY HENRY J. FINN.

I come from the tomb, whose stone bears
And how'er my bones may moulder,
Where Thames's waters mightily sweep,
I have seen my name sweep
Pavilions of lasting and costly duration,
To lavishin their sweets in the maiden's bower.
And I am not forgotten, reader below,
You'll find full many a moderate verse,
I meet in bookstalls and shops of trade,
And whisper the flowers into birth.
You may find my breath on a balmy night
As the nightwind winds its way,
In th' expressive beat of sunny eyes,
As one wakes the other with kisses.
And when dull midnight on her throne,
And always cold and cheerless,
When the sun no more enliven the scene,
That sheds on life such pretty radiance,
A blot of crime, and a drop of dare,
Hastens the flow to wash away,
I pass the conscience as I fly,
And rush in the light of but many eyes;
I sport in the slaughter of lust,
And sip from her lips the fine thief's theme.
I enter the chamber of care and death,
And then smile as they search my fragrant breath.
I roam the country in fair days,
And the trees move as wont in the air.
When storms ride down upon the deep,
Whistle is more on the land I sleep,
But when the sky is blue and fair,
I wing my way through the filthy air,
Prepping perfume from my outspread wings,
And scattering it where I may.
And then over the burning wave I roam,
And speak in a language to each in home;
In prison and hut, 'mid high and low,
With the living and dead, as I please, I go!

ARMAND PERROT.—Chevalier, in his letters to the United States, says: "There is one thing in the United States that strikes a stranger on stepping ashore, and is of a character to claim his attention, and without pride particularly if he is an Englishman; it is the appearance of general ease in the condition of the people of this country.

While European communities are more or less exhausted with the curse of pauperism, the which their oldest statesmen have as yet been able to find no healing balm, there are no paupers, at least not in the Northern and Western States.

If a few individuals are seen, they are only an inappreciable minority of diseases and improvident persons, who have not been able to stop industrious habits. Nothing is more easy than to live and live well by labor."

CAUDEN.—The venerable Doctor Herd, Bishop of Worcester, being in the habit of preaching frequently, had selected a pious and somewhat sensation, and made him some little presents. After awhile he missed his humble auditor, and meeting him, said: "John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle, as usual?" John, with some hesitation, replied, "My Lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the plain truth. I went the other day to hear the Methodists, and I understood their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever since." The Bishop put his hand into his pocket and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect: "God bless you! and go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul."

HERBERT OF THE ACADIA BOREALIS.—It appears from a paper read before the Royal Society by Dr. Farquharson, that the height of the point to which the entrance ascend from the sea-level, which is termed the centre of the cornea, was, by geometrical measurement of one cancer, 5493 feet above the level of the ocean at Aberdeen, while a lower edge of the same cancer was only 3481 feet above the level. The tops of the Cornea hills which were considerably above the elevation of 1000 feet higher than the cancer, so that the lower edge of the arch was only 1900 above these hills.

LOCH LEVAR.—The origin of the name Loch Levar is somewhat curious. It arose from the circumstance of the number eleven frequently occurring in matters connected with the loch. As already observed, it is eleven miles in circumference; the lands of eleven lairds at one time embraced its waters; there are eleven rivers and streams running into it; it contains eleven species of fish; and in the adjoining plantations are eleven kinds of wood. The name was, therefore, originally Loch Levan in the genuine of time the E was omitted as at present.

CLEAR FLYING.—"Well, stranger, where are you out 'o?" said a landlady of Arkansas to her guest. "Why, Madam, I am now from Baltimore, Maryland, but I was born and brought up in Massachusetts, near Boston," said the gentleman. "Alas that what the Yankees live?" "You mean," replied the gentleman. "I see me; you are the very man I have been looking after this long time, my clerk is out of fix," ejaculated the lady in ecstacies of joy.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.—Cows are fond of dandelion, and are kept in bands in frequent shampooing—rats will go any where where the oil of rhodium is dropped—rooks leave trees the moment they are marked for felling—and a dog that has never been in London before, will find his way to his master's residence in any part of the metropolis, in three hours, having been thrown in a cab to the Thames from the centre of any one of the bridges.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM BET.—Another of those enthusiastical phenomena has recently appeared in Rome. His name is Jean Fatouf; he is eleven years old, the son of illiterate peasants, and can neither read nor write; yet he solves the most difficult questions of calculation by a process of mind which he cannot explain. The Emperor having witnessed his prowess, has given 1000 rosaries for his education.

A Runaway Courtship.

ONE TENNY MULES, MADDAM MAPPAN TENNY ANNA.

In an old book now before us, the above line is said to have cost the life of a muscle foolish lodger, "for it is a perfect verse, and every word is the very same both backward and forward.—*Gent. Mag.*

A BRIDE-HUNT.—Two persons, much annoying a rest in town lodging, the one in the story above was complaining that his steve did not draw well. The other replied. "I thought it did draw very well, for I find it drawing my wood up stairs."

REASON NOT AN EXCHANGE.—An Irish lieutenant, who had exchanged from the twenty-first regiment to the thirty-second, was asked why he exchanged so ill as it was. "Because," said he, "I had a brother in the thirty-first, and I wanted to be near him."

A SHARP BOY.—"Tommy, have you got the doctor in?" "Yes, sir." "All of him?" "Yes, sir." "Did you count them?" "Yes, sir." "How many was there?" "One." "That's right my boy."

FASHION.—Fashion makes people visit when they had rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not dry.—She ruins health and makes fools of all her followers.

WIT OUTWITTED.—A well-dressed fellow went to the shop of a pork-butcher, and asked for a yard of pork, when the butcher without hesitation, cut him off three feet. (pigs feet.)

LITERAL.—An Irishman being asked on a rainy day, what he would take to carry a message from the Bull's-head to the Battery, cried, "sure I'd take a coach!"

TYRANT.—Somebody describes tinder to be a thing rag, such as the tenderest female dress, intended to which sparks, raise flames, and light up matches.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

From the Southern Cultivator.

On the Culture of the Dahlia.

The Dahlia, at present, is the most fashionable flower grown in Europe or America, and is more extensively cultivated than any other. In England, it is cultivated in rings, and new sorts are sold as high as £10, equal to about $45. But so easily and rapidly are they propagated, that the price after the first season fall rapidly. The introduction of a year or two ago, may be considered even in the United States at from 50 cts to $3, which is the highest price we notice on the best catalogues, even for the newest varieties. In the Northern and Eastern States, a taste for them has sprung up, especially in the neighborhoods of the large cities, and the climate of most of Europe are introduced at once as known, and can usually be obtained at moderate prices in our own seasons after their blooming in the forests in Europe. Not many seedlings of merit have been raised in the United States, principally owing to the low prices given for them in this country, and the very few who think their time worth the properties, from a large number of plants. It is therefore more easy and profitable to import them of accomplished than to raise them from the seed, and therefore they have been cultivated at the floral, but as yet but few sorts have been raised. Although they are not much with a few superior varieties, yet generally shown, such cultivation are very common many with the like ignorance of the best mode of a great manner to most of information relative to their culture, and what has been done in the way of production, and what are their varieties. We have therefore collected and condensed from several sources the latest information relative to them, which as far as applicable to our climate, we will have, accompanied with such remarks as our experience warrants.

Soil and Situation.—The Dahlia will grow in almost every variety of soil, but to grow them to perfection, as far as our experience goes, is decidedly preferable. We have seen these flower tolerably well in other and apparently poor soils, but in that made rich by the addition of stable manure, the plant will grow most luxuriantly, the flowers will be more perfect and double, in proportion to the foliage, and often last by it. The best compost we have used, is a mixture of about two-thirds of leaf mould (or the rich soil found in the woods) and one-third of well rotted manure, with a small addition of lime.

Another thing to be attended to is, the preparation of the ground, to receive the plants and flowers, it is not sufficient to dig a hole merely large enough to hold the tubers, with a small quantity of manure. The ground should be up, and to fully from 18 to 24 inches deep. In a shallow soil they do but flower well, and the ill season, when a hole has been dug and filled over them by sunny amateurs, has no doubt been owing more to a neglect of this requisite than any other. If shallow soil, simply, and where the ground cannot be spaded, the holes should be dug not less than 2 feet diameter, 2 feet deep, and filled with a compost, similar to that recommended above. As to situation, the only caution we would give is not to plant under or near trees or high close fences, not where the winds can have much effect on them. In the first, they will be drawn up, consequently weak, the branches will be easily broken, and the flowers not of good color or form. In the latter, they will be liable to the same evil, and have their branches frequently broken by the high winds, in despite of all precautions. They should, however, be in a sunny situation.

Propagation.—To produce new varieties, seeds are resorted to, but as we have already stated, but very few seedlings produce flowers of such merit as to be worth cultivating for a moment. But before the Dahlia was brought to the perfection it is, no doubt many thousand seedlings of poor flowers of good color, was highly prized, and something more is required, and it is so easy that, to produce new ones, seedling them now grown, much less surpassing them.

The usual mode of propagating those of known merit, is by dividing the roots, but where cuttings are offered for sale, cuttings are generally used. In propagating by the first mode, the old roots are so divided as to leave a part of the old stock or stem to each division, with one or more tubers attached. The tyro must recollect that the tubers are entirely destitute of eyes, and that the shoots grow from the base of the stem from which they have been preserved alive. If it is desirable to get as many plants as possible from a root with, a single eye to cultivate, a slight cut may be made use of; to force them to throw out shoots, or the plant (which is, we think, preferable) need not be divided until those appear, which will be sufficiently large before the season arrives. They may therefore be placed in the ground, and afterward taken up and divided, when the shoots appear. The proper time for dividing the roots, and that in which it is found best to plant the Irish potato, and when there will be but little risk of severe weather,—in the neighborhood of Charleston, from the middle of February to 1st April. The ground having been prepared as already directed, and kept in a healthy and frequent shampooing—rats will go any where where the oil of rhodium is dropped—rooks leave trees the moment they are marked for felling—and a dog that has never been in London before, will find his way to his master's residence in any part of the metropolis, in three hours, having been thrown in a cab to the Thames from the centre of any one of the bridges.

Cuttings.

Cuttings must be inserted to.

Any Dahlia-Bug.

My birth-day! what a different sound
That word to a prisoner is found!
And now, each time the day comes round,
Less sad less while its mark appears!
It seems like a position to grow old.
And, as youth recedes, its memory looks
That time moved him lords as fast.
Present pleasures make the past.
How hard that chain will press at last
Each week the next, and then a year,
Till nothing's new because so near.
Well! may be ordained to run
His long career as his son.
He would do all that he had done"—
Ah! no and time the worse than events
Is nothing new!
For wherefore—of time it tells
Lavished on unvarying days
Of countless sameness—of sadness
Hugs for high and low dejection,
But oh this leaden's monotone!
Upon which slowly circling years
Of seeming sweep a wrong descent—
Of wonderment and hope for me,
And taking every moment for.
That crossed my pathway for the last!
All that it did, and could do
The imposition picture stir again,
With power to add, remove,
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of that power have I!
How quickly all would melt away,
All—but that freedom of the mind
Which nothing human can restrain to me:
Those friendships on my boyhood twined.
And kept till now unchangingly;
And I can find them, still meeting ach,
Unaltered, unimpaired, as fond,
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comforting me in sorrow.

Children's Poetry.

The Chinese is said to be the most musical and harmonious of all known languages. The reason why it is so is supposed are varied not only by quantity, as in other languages, but the tones in which they are pronounced, but also by the rising and falling of the voice, and by various inflections of the voice, like in European music. The poetry bears a striking analogy to the artificial character of the people. The verses are metrical, and the rhymes, or jingling, and the construction of them, six, eight, ten, or twelve verses; and in each description of stanza, the rhymes are differently disposed in a regular stated method, from which no deviation is ever made. But the verses are not merely related to each other in their rhymes, but also in the idea and significations; then, if one verse signify a mountain, a flower, fire, water, &c. the corresponding verse say the third after it—must correspond in image as well as in rhyme. Another kind of poetry, without rhyme, consists in the antithesis, or opposition of thoughts; if the first thought, for instance, relates to the spring, the second shall turn upon Autumn; or if the first mention fire, the second shall express water. This is a curious and artificial the composition, the more highly it is valued.

PULPIT SKETCHES.—No. XI.

For the Saturday Evening Post.
By Jack Downing.

We advertised, to the rise of the Methodist denomination in England, and the vast influence its teachers had in reforming and purifying society. Their progress in America was even more rapid and powerful than in Europe. The first minister of their persuasion in the then colonies was the Rev. Philip Embury, a native of Ireland, who in 1760 established a society in New York. From thence this sect, peculiarly fitted to a wild and thinly settled country, spread with the greatest rapidity, and is now perhaps, though in the time a century, the most numerous denomination in the United States. Its rise, spread, and influence is a subject well calculated to arrest the eye and enlist the thoughts of the philosopher. He will find this John Wesley struck a card in society that called even at this day for interest and nevertheless. He was the second Luther.

The Rev. Joseph Lybrand, unlike his many of his brethren, is a man of fine education. Also Charles, he his early youth, and although educated by one of his colleagues for the sin of learning Greek, and there have been in our country too many with the like ignorance of that language, Mr. Lybrand is none of them. We believe he was educated in another sect, and at mature life embraced the doctrines of the Methodist. Certainly of the Methodist Church. His preaching is peculiarly fitted to make him a useful man. With but little pretensions of metaphysics, but with enough to adorn his style; without the rant too common among his brethren, but with sufficient animation to keep the feelings of his heart, correct in his language, and his mind in proper working, argumentative, with a store of information ever ready, and a straight forward honesty of purpose that will carry him to the highest attainable in his profession. He is a man of historical truth, having either the influence of refined society, an accomplished education, or such natural endowments as would render him agreeable in all companies. In addition to his natural gifts of mind and character, he is a man of fine personal appearance. His height is about five feet ten inches, his form is a most perfect model of the symmetrical, his head is of the finest size, and his face is of an open, manly, and intellectual cast. His eye is dark and full of fire, and when animated in preaching, which is an essential to vigor of character, as a regular combination of body is to physical strength, I think there are few of the sons of men who can excel him. His voice is full and clear, evidence of its influence. If habits of order have been established in the mind of a woman, her dress will be characterized by neatness. There will be no mingling of the tawdry and the mean, of the expensive and the cheap, the graceful and the vulgar, in her appearance. She will be perceived to have been fully awakened, and properly trained, there will be no awkward arrangement of costume, no heedless adoption of deforming fashions. If her eye is accustomed not only to behold, but also to note the beautiful and harmonious hues of Nature, there will be no obtrusion of glaring colors, no painful contrasts, no disagreeable mingling of harsh tints in her dress. Though her appearance should, in all cases, be suited to her situation in life, yet even in the poorest station, she can be neat, and in the richest, she need be no more. I have seen neatness in a velvet robe, as well as in a calico gown, and I have detected a slattern beneath a silken pelisse, as often as in a homespun petticoat. But the vanity, which leads a woman to adorn her person with the spoils of sea and land, in order to attract the admiration of being "well dressed," is too despicable to be indulged for a moment."

NEWS FOR THE FARMER.

From the Farmer's Companion.
On the Destruction of Rats.

Seeds often fail to grow; and the seedsmen is as often blamed, for vending bad seeds, when they are not to blame. Many seeds that are not growing is owing to the gardener or planter. To induce germination, moisture, atmospheric heat, and a temperature suited to vegetation, and it is also requisite that light be excluded, until the nutriment in the seed is exhausted, or the plant has acquired sufficient growth to feed itself. The first effect of the air heat, and moisture upon the seed is to change its properties, reducing the starch, gluten, and mucilage, or waxy pulp, the proper food of the embryo plant. If at this stage the seed becomes dry, its vitality is destroyed, and it cannot grow. If the seeds are permitted to exert their influence, the contents of the seed swell by degrees, and the first point of the tissue rent, having formed, breaks through the skin of the seed, and appears as soon as about the same time the point of the future stem comes forth in an upward direction. The radicle of the plant, or root, takes a form impossible to the growth of the plant, as it is to the germination of the seed.

Now if this happens when seeds are planted in fresh-stirred ground, or where the soil is moist, they undergo the insipient process of fermentation, and the earth not being pressed upon them, and dry weather coming, the moisture is absorbed from the soil, and the seeds perish. The moisture is also often destructive to the vital principle of seeds,—and others again are buried too deep to be verified by solar and atmospheric influence. The first object in planting, therefore, should be to place the seed where it will receive the food and so to cover it with earth, as shall barely secure to it a constant supply of moisture. There are many seeds that will not germinate, unless the grass, &c. which, if not previously steeped, or the soil well pulverized and pressed upon them, fail to grow for want of moisture. Hence, in sowing orchard-grass, it is found prudent to spread the seed upon a floor, and sprinkle it with water, before it is sown, or to roll it in after it is on the ground after it is sown. And hence, in light garden mould, it is advisable to press, with the back or spade, the earth upon all light seeds after they are sown.

But we would draw the attention of the farmer, as well as of the gardener, to another mode of preventing the indian corn, potatoes, and other seed wanted, beets, &c. on the farm, and with onions, beans cucumbers, peppers, and a great number of other seeds, which are assigned to the garden. The mode of doing it with the field-seeds we have named is this: Steep the seeds twelve or twenty hours in water of a mild and warm temperature—then take off the water, and leave them in a warm place, covered, to exclude the light and prevent their drying, or in a dark cellar or room, and the radicles or root will shoot in a few days, and may then be planted without injury. Being obliged to suspend our planting four days on account of rain, we steeped our seed, which had been previously steeped, and set by in a dark room, with radicles two or three inches long. They were planted with little inconvenience, and did remarkably well. Mr. I. Nott sprouted a part of his corn last year, while a part of the same was planted without, and found it worthy the particular notice of the farmer, he assures us, that *the sprouted corn was not injured by the worm*, on account of its having *germinated seriously injured*, although planted by the side of each other. Mr. Nott accounts for the difference in this way: the worm destroys the germ; but the radicles having protruded, and not being to the taste of the worm, the insect attacked the solid part of the kernel, and left the germ to grow alone, and his remote from the germ, to retard its growth. Mr. Nott also sprouted his mangel wurtzel seed, and planted it in the 20th or 25th of June. Almost every seed grew, and the crop might be called a good one early in September.

Mr. Nott's method of sprouting corn, &c. is as follows: Put on to a kettle of water, and when equal stir, say 15 inches square; lay one down in the corner of the kitchen chimney, grass down; then a cloth upon it; then another; then a piece of brown paper; then place the other sod upon them, grass up—water well with warm water, and the seed will sprout in twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

There is one manifest advantage in sprouting seed,—it tests their goodness, and shows whether they will or will not grow. A small quantity of seed-corn, submitted to the test before planting, would in many instances prevent great loss to the farmer.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Answer to the Enigma in the S. E. Post, of Feb. 8.

The greatest sweet that grills fair Scotia's page, Wallace
The greatest Greek, that did in Troy engage, Achilles
The greatest name in all the Persian line, Xerxes
The greatest cage in all the Trojan host, Hector
The greatest grave that ever covered a corse, Sepulchre

The greatest downer in the days of yore, Ingratitude
The greatest chief that Sweden's fortune broke, Gustavus

The greatest farce that crushed a tyrant's pride, Tell

The greatest herd that passes in Irish strain, Wild Geese
The greatest sweet Philosophy can quote, Newton
The greatest mine in all the universe, Heaven
The greatest patriot on the role of fame
Of all the chiefs e'er succeeded on the plain,
In Time have lasted a greater name than
Thine has, the noblest of Virginia's sons,
Our brave and well beloved, our WASHINGTON.
STEPHANIA.

Bridging.

I'm straight, I'm round, I'm strong, I'm weak,
I'm silent, I'm long, and cannot speak;
I'm made use yonder palace shop,
Would never dare a dreaser trip
Without me I'm sure more,
Would still be to some such mode
To lovely maids I am a friend,
And to them such assistance lend
With me often they oft remain
And yet at times I give them pain
My stretch is soft, and Chloe fair
With rich ribbands her head can dress,
To cover neatly where I lie;
Now gentle reader what am I?

S. T. I.

Chatting; or, the Loves of Heron.

BY MRS. ANDREW.

"Sonny there be many things that increase vanity, what is now the latter?"

"A mirror will speak to that girl again!" said Helen, vehemently, as she entered her mother's room.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" asked Mrs. Burns, "you seem vexed."

"Why, mother, as I came down school, just now, I met Sarah Grimes; I took her good morning, and half stopped, to ask her about her sick brother, but she turned away, with a scornful look, as if she had either seen me."

"Perhaps there has been some little dispute between you, Helen, or else you were mistaken in thinking she saw you."

"Indeed, mother, I—I—nor quarrelled, and I am sure I could not mistake the meaning of her curled lip, as she tossed her head aside, and passed me by. She was too well-dressed to speak to me, to-day."

"What has dressin do with politeness, Helen?"

"It has a great deal to do with her civility, mother; she never speaks to any one, who is not as well dressed as herself, and it was because I wore my gingham frock and white apron, that she refused to notice me, to-day."

"You judge uncharitably, my child; Sarah is too young, even if she be not too well taught, to indulge in such folly."

"O! it is not the first time she has acted thus. Her parents allow her to dress very expensively; on the last new linsey-jenny, a few weeks ago, she took up all my finery, and ridiculed me, and the silk and chally dresses, the embroidered capes, and pantalettes, that filled her wardrobe. She has a new bonnet, and a new parasol, and opened her last parcel box, for our inspection, and told us that it contained ornaments which cost more than five hundred dollars."

"I should think her young friends would scarcely have enjoyed such a mode of entertaining company."

"O! I was liked it, because they were so fond of dress as she, while others took a pleasure in depreciating every thing they saw, on purpose to vex her. For my own part, I delight in a very foolish thing, for a little girl to be so loaded with finery."

"Well, Helen, if Sarah be so vain and foolish, you need owe very little about her civilities. If she values herself solely upon being better dressed than her companions, she is a very vain and silly child; and if she can be induced to treat a friend with contempt, from so trifling a cause, she must be very deficient in good feeling. Pride of dress, is the highest and most contemptible kind of pride. Be elated, because the body is clothed in 'purple and fine linen,' but not on the completion of mind. Where there is high intellectual qualities, and an elevated standard of moral feeling, the mere adornment of the body, will never be considered by the wise."

"But, mother, we must surely bestow some attention upon dress."

"My dear child, neatness is indispensable, in all cases; and by neatness, I mean delicacy, as well as cleanliness, for I have seen many a slattern looking woman, who was by no means deficient in actual cleanliness. But, if neatness be acquired in childhood, little thought will be required upon the duties of the toilet in latter life. When dress only, is studied, it is apt to lead to that which is as essential to vigor of character, as a regular combination of body is to physical strength, I think there are few of the sons of men who can excel him. His voice is full and clear, evidence of its influence. If habits of order have been established in the mind of a woman, her dress will be characterized by neatness. There will be no mingling of the tawdry and the mean, of the expensive and the cheap, the graceful and the vulgar, in her appearance. She will be perceived to have been fully awakened, and properly trained, there will be no awkward arrangement of costume, no heedless adoption of deforming fashions. If her eye is accustomed not only to behold, but also to note the beautiful and harmonious hues of Nature, there will be no obtrusion of glaring colors, no painful contrasts, no disagreeable mingling of harsh tints in her dress. Though her appearance should, in all cases, be suited to her situation in life, yet even in the poorest station, she can be neat, and in the richest, she need be no more. I have seen neatness in a velvet robe, as well as in a calico gown, and I have detected a slattern beneath a silken pelisse, as often as in a homespun petticoat. But the vanity, which leads a woman to adorn her person with the spoils of sea and land, in order to attract the admiration of being "well dressed," is too despicable to be indulged for a moment."

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A Protest Statute.

THE NEXT GENERAL.—*The Alarm.*—The lengthy dissolution of the American primates conveys to the minds of the people a sensation of anxiety, excitement and exhilaration not to be conceived by those who live, move, and spend the hours of their living in a world of confidence. We were told of one young man who became a raving maniac in fifteen days after hearing the news of his father's death, and a frightful suicide perpetrated shortly upon his already wounded sensibilities, that his mind wandered and his reason was lost. It will not appear strange, then, that lockjaw, consumption, and other fatal diseases, should be rendered vividly interesting and impressive when occurring far away from the habitations of men, and when the sufferers are unknown to us.

Twenty-five miles was known to be the distance between the creek where we last camped and the place at which water was to be found. The sky had been clear during the day preceding, and a heavy storm seemed to be gathering in the west; yet no apprehensions were felt, hoping to accomplish our day's travel before the slowly accumulating elements of the tempest should burst over our path. We were disappointed. We had not with the daylight.

About 10, A. M. the heavy drops began to fall, and we travelled through a soaking shower during the first hour succeeding. The prairie became soft; the mules gave out; the wagon wheels sunk in the soil ground; and, willy nilly, we were compelled to halt. That night we did not experience much privation, having carried with us ten gallons of water, and the effects of a wet night were counteracted by the great dry wood and water were exhausted, the rain continued, and we were in the centre of a smooth, flat prairie, with no material with which to start and make a fire. Supperless we went to bed, which we did, and at two in the afternoon we had accomplished about three miles, taking the wagons forward one at a time. We encamped at night in the centre of the last creek system, and by continually using drastic natural remedies, succeeded in preventing the fever from assuming a malignant character. Following the above simple directions, both in English and German, according to the best of our knowledge, we have never lost a case in a Bureau or Clinic in which practice was adopted. Price of the Pamphlet, 25 cts. Address, post paid, DR. C. M. JACKSON, No. 418 Arch street, Philadelphia. Pamphlets containing certificates from the effect of cod weather and will be sent to any part of the United States, free of postage, on receipt of 25 cents.

The delicacy of the fragrance renders it most suitable for the toilet, and the purity of its ingredients for the nursery. Sold by the proprietors, Barrett, Comstock & Co. Apothecaries, Nos. 100 and 102 Maiden Lane, New York, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Sold by JAMES KIDD, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia